

A COLLECTION
OF SEVERAL STORIES,
MORAL TALES,
AND REFLECTIONS
TAKEN FROM THE BEST
ENGLISH AUTHORS
FOR THE USE OF THOSE WHO LEARN
THE ENGLISH TONGUE.



SIENNA 1788.

Printed by Lewis and Benner Bindt
With Approbation.

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Printed by Lewis and Bonnet, High
St. Paul's Church-yard.

AGAINST THE WASTE OF TIME.

Converse often with yourself, and neither lavish your time, nor suffer others to rob you of it. Many of our hours are stolen from us, and others pass insensibly away; but of both these losses the most shameful is that which happens through our own neglect. If we take the trouble to observe, we shall find that one considerable part of our Life is spent in doing evil, and the other in doing nothing, or in doing what we should not do. We do not seem to know the value of time, nor how precious a day is; nor do we consider that every moment brings us nearer to our end. What deceives us, is our looking upon death to be always at a distance, even when it is at the door. Reflect upon this, and keep a strict account of your time. Procrastination is the most dangerous thing in Life. Nothing is properly ours but the time present, and all the rest is nothing. It is the only good which we possess.

But we must reflect that our days and hours are always on the wing. Infancy and youth pass away like a dream, and when we come to the old age, we see before us the goal to which all men are hastening. The generality of mankind look upon it as a rock upon which they are to suffer shipwreck; but this is a mistake: it is rather a port which we should by no means endeavour to avoid, and those who arrive there loaded with years have no more reason to complain than a mariner, who, after a long voyage, is just entering the harbour. There are calms at sea which weary while they detain us, and there are violent winds which drive us with rapidity on the coast to which we are bound. It is exactly the same with respect to life: some finish their course with surprising swiftness, while others delay till old age overtakes them, which is not always to be wished, for the advantage does not consist in living long, but in living well. A wise man should choose to live as well as he ought, rather than as long as he can, and consider more the goodness than the length of his life.

ON

ON PHILOSOPHY.

OF all studies, of all sciences, none have a more direct tendency to aggrandize, to enlarge the faculties, to exalt the ideas, to mend the heart, to inspire just and magnificent notions of divine wisdom, than the study of Philosophy. Who can contemplate the wonderful beauty and variety which nature every where presents to our eyes, without admiration, without conceiving that the Author of them must be omnipotent and omniscient? Who can behold the order of heavenly bodies, the ineffable beauties and productions of the earth we live upon, without reading the illustrious characters of *Power*, *Wisdom* and *Goodness*, which the divine hand has inscribed upon them? What can be more entertaining, more improving, or more instructing than the study, than the meditation of infinite wisdom in the creation of the universe? Since there is in the soul of man implanted an insatiable thirst after knowledge; the gratification of that laudable appetite, even in a small degree, must be attended with inconceivable pleasure. It is not surprising that the wisest men in all ages should apply

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ply themselves to search after knowledge, to pry, as far as possible, into nature, and admire the boundless variety of her works, though ignorant in a great measure of the power which gave her birth. Had this study no other recommendation than the gratification of that curiosity so natural to the soul, I think it would be sufficient to prompt most men to a pursuit of it, at least to attain a tincture of it.

The more we contemplate any part of nature, the more we have occasion to revere the almighty Author of it. The farther we carry our researches, the more our senses are awakened, the greater are our conceptions of infinite goodness and wisdom: surveying her throughout, we shall find all beauty and method, order and economy, that nothing is made in vain: examine but the smallest, the meanest reptile, we find all its parts curiously disposed to enable it to seek his nourishment, and the necessaries for the preservation of its life: the minutest part of a small fly, seen through a solar microscope presents us with ample matter for admiration: nay, even in a blade of grass there is more curious workmanship, if I may be allowed the expression, than in the most complicated machine ever invented by

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by man. Nothing shews the works of nature so truly noble, as comparing them with the works of men. In the former, all is great, beautiful and perfect; in the latter, all is comparatively mean and defective; the first lead us to know and adore the greatest and most perfect of Beings; the last to see and regret our own weakness and imperfection.

The system of nature is the magnificent palace of the king of the universe. The ignorant and incurious, says a great Philosopher, is a spider which retires into some dark corner, and wraps itself in its own dusky cobweb, insensible of the innumerable beauties which surround it. But the judicious enquirer into nature, in contemplating, admiring and moralising upon the works of its infinite Author, proves the justness of his own understanding by his approbation of the perfect productions of an infinite perfect Being. The faculty or capacity of thought is what raises our nature above the animal; and the proper application or exertion of this capacity, is what raises men one above another. We ought to consider the improvement of every faculty of the mind as a part of virtue; for the proper improvement and due conduct of the understanding,

is an indispensable part of the duty of every rational being. If then the acquisition of knowledge is not only a necessary qualification, but also a duty, or moral obligation, it should engage part of every one's attention; and certainly there cannot be a more laudable ambition than that of attaining just sentiments of the supreme Governor of the world, of his nature and attributes, which are acquired by the mediation of the wonderful works of Providence.

The study of Philosophy is of the most important advantage for raising us above vice, and confirming us in a steady course of virtue, which is the direct tendency of all true knowledge, and the effect which it never fails to produce in every honest and uncorrupted mind.

ON THE LOVE OF FAME.

It is very strange to consider, that a creature like man, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by the love of fame: that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery, should contend for praise; and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves objects of admiration.

But

But notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflexions of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces many good effects; not only as it restrains from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to actions which are great and glorious. The

prin-

principle may be defective, but the consequences it produces, are so good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

The passion for praise, which is so vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in Women of sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves admiration; and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of chastity fidelity, devotion? How many Ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of womankind, as the making of war, the carrying on of traffick, the administration of justice are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name?

HER.

HERCULES'S ADVENTURE.

When Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the

the most proper to shew her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other Lady (who came forward with a regular composed carriage) and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner.

„ My dear Hercules, said she, I find you are very
„ much divided in your own thoughts upon the
„ way of life that you ought to choose: be my
„ friend, and follow me. I will lead you into
„ the possession of pleasure and out of the reach
„ of pain, and remove you from all the noise
„ and disquietude of business. The affairs either
„ of War or peace shall have no power to dis-
„ turb you: your whole employment shall be to
„ make your life easy, and to entertain every
„ sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous
„ tables, clouds of perfumes, consorts of musick
„ are all in readiness to receive you. Come
„ along with me into this region of delights, this
„ world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever
„ to care, to pain, to business. „

Hercules hearing the Lady talk after this man-

ner,

her, desired to know her name: to which she answered: my friends, and those who are acquainted with me, call me *Happiness*; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of *Pleasure*. By this time the other Lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

Hercules, said she, I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you will gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping it; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you will be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. If you will
be

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,, be eminent in war or peace, you must become
,, me master of all the qualifications that can
,, make you so. These are the only terms and
,, conditions upon which I can propose happiness.
,,

The Goddess of pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: ,, You see, said she, Hercules,
,, by her own confession, that the way of her
,, pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that
,, which I propose is short and easy.

,, Alas, said the other Lady (whose visage
,, glowed with a passion made up of scorn and
,, pity) what are the pleasures you propose?
,, To eat before you are hungry, drink before
,, you are thirsty, sleep before you are tired,
,, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and
,, raise such appetites as nature never planted.
,, You never heard the most delicious musick,
,, which is the praise of one's self, nor saw the
,, most beautiful object, which is the work of
,, one's own hands. Your votaries pass away
,, their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures,
,, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment
,, and remorse for old age. As for me, I am
,, the friend of Gods and of good men, an
,, agreeable companion to the artizan, a guardian
dian

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„ dian to the fathers of families, a protector of
„ servants, and associate in all true and generous
„ friendships. The banquets of my votaries are
„ never costly, but always delicious, for none
„ eat and drink at them who are not invited by
„ hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound,
„ and their wakings chearful. My young men
„ have the pleasure of hearing themselves prai-
„ sed by those who are in years, and of being
„ honoured by those who are young. In a word,
„ my followers are favoured by the Gods, be-
„ loved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their
„ country, and after the close of their labours
„ honoured by posterity. „

We know, by the life of this memorable He-
ro, to which of these two Ladies he gave up
his heart, and I believe every one who reads
this, will do him the justice to approve his
choice.

A TUR-

A TURKISH TALE.

Mr. Mathebrance in his *Inquiry after Truth*, tells us, that it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years; or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

There is a famous passage in the *Alcoran*, which looks as if Mahomet had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the Angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven Heavens, in Paradise, and in Hell, which the Prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher (which was thrown down at the very instant that the Angel Gabriel carried him away) before the water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty Story in the Turkish Tales which relates to this passage of that famous Impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject

we are now upon. A Sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd; but conversing one day with one great Doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the Doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the history of Mahomet, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him to plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again. The king accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on a sea shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country. Accordingly he applied himself to some people, whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood: these people conducted him to a town that stood in a little distance from the wood,

B

where;

where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long till he had by her seven sons, and seven daughters: he was afterwards forced to think of plying in the streets, as a Porter, for his livelihood. One day as he was walking about by the sea side, being seized with many melancholy reflexions upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a design to wash himself according to the custom of Mahometans, before he had said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water but he found himself standing by the side of the tub with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraid his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude; but he was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of, was only a dream and delusion, that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The

The Mahometan Doctor took this occasion of instructing the Sultan that nothing was impossible with God, and that He, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF BEGINNING THE DAY.

THe natural day is computed from the rising to the setting of the sun. This manner of reckoning is only used in civil cases.

The artificial day amongst the Europeans is reckoned from midnight to midnight.

The Italians, Jews, and Chinese begin the day after sun-set. The modern Greeks are the only people who reckon the beginning of the day at the rising of the sun.

Astronomers chuse to begin the day at noon, because the sun is more exactly observed in its meridian.

The solar year, or the time which the track of the sun takes through the twelve signs of the Zodiack, consists of 365 days, six hours, forty eight minutes.

The solar months, or the time during which the sun passes from one sign to another, are not equal, because it remains longer in the septentrional than in the meridional signs; but according to its regular course, a solar month consists of thirty days, ten hours and twenty four minutes.

The Lunar year has 354 days, eight hours, and forty eight minutes.

A Lunar month, or the interval from one new moon to the other, has twenty nine days, twelve hours, and forty four minutes.

The common year has 365 days. All moveable Feasts are regulated by the full moon of Easter.

It is not yet decided whether our year is longer than it was some centuries ago. The celebrated Euler having compared the modern observations with those of Walther de Noremberg in the sixteenth century, has found that ever since that time the sun, or rather the earth, has considerably accelerated its motion, which consequently makes the year shorter. This acceleration of motion may proceed from the resistance of the ether which the earth meets in its way; and, according to that hypothesis, must continually diminish its orbit. If this observation of Mr. Euler

ler be afterwards confirmed, the consequence will be, that the orbit of the earth becoming always narrower, will at last fill the place of Venus, afterwards of Mercury, and then in that proximity, not being able to support the heat of the sun, it will be consumed by fire, if the earth at that distance is rather attracted than repulsed.

ACCOUNT OF THE THREE CALENDARS.

T Here are three Calendars in Europe, the Julian, or old stile: the Gregorian, or new stile, and the reformed Calendar.

The old Calendar is used no where at this time but in Russia. In this century their immoveable Feasts differ from ours eleven days, and in the next century the difference will be twelve days. Their moveable Feasts sometimes agree with ours, but at others there is a difference of five weeks. The Gregorian Calendar takes its name from Pope Gregory XIII. who substituted it for the Julian Calendar, and introduced it among the Roman Catholics in 1582. and as the Julian year till then used in Europe differed from the solar ten days, the Pope took them from the month of October, so that after
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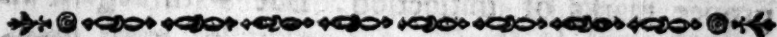
the fourth of October, instead of the fifth, they reckoned the fifteenth.

The reformed Calendar is that used among the Protestants. It was introduced in the beginning of this century. The difference betwixt the Julian and the solar year consisted in eleven days in 1700. they were taken from the month of February, and all the days which were to follow the eighteenth, were omitted; so that instead of the nineteenth of February, they reckoned the first of March.

The English adopted the new Calendar in 1752. and the Swedes in 1753.

These two Calendars having a different manner of calculating the Feast of Easter, the Gregorian to find the full moon of Easter, according to the calculation of the cycle, and the reformed according to the astronomical calculation, they have differed already twice in this century in regard to Easter, viz in 1724. and 1744. In both these years the Roman Catholics celebrated Easter eight days after the Protestants. The same difference would have happened 1778. and 1798. but as Easter, according to the astronomical calculation; would have fallen exactly the same day with that of the Jews, contrary to
the

the Canons of the Council of Nice, the Protestants, according to a resolution of the diet of Ratisbon on the 30th January 1735., are not to celebrate Easter till eight days after, viz, in 1778. April 19. instead of the tenth; and in 1798. April 8., instead of the first; and in both these years the Catholics and the Protestants will celebrate Easter the same day.



A LETTER

To a Young Gentleman.

Sir,

YOU are pleased to acquaint me that you study nothing more than how to Live with honour, and render yourself a worthy man. The person who firmly resolves to be so, is one already; but you who judge in a different manner, are not so easy to be satisfied, and indeed it is a study in which you may make an infinite progress. On this occasion you are pleased to consult with me as if I was capable of advising you. I heartily wish I was, and as a testimony of my sincerity, I will
con-

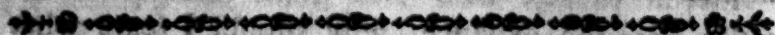
conceal nothing from you. Your question is whether a magnificent appearance is commendable? And I advise you not to hate it. It sits very well on the Great ones of the world, such as Princes, Generals of armies, and even Governors of Provinces; for it would look with a very indifferent air, and be altogether unworthy their persons in their public characters not to appear with their proper marks of distinction. But with regard to private persons, pomp and ostentation only serve to load them with hatred and envy, and to embroil them in their private affairs. Whereas a convenient and well regulated train, with a modest and honourable expence will make them both beloved and esteemed. I have always thought that a compleat Gentleman should neither have too much nor too little vanity. The most shining action in the world is not praise-worthy when it has vanity for its motive; and even those which proceed from a principle of virtue, miss their commendation when they are in the least suspected of vain glory. But to return, Sir, to private persons, I never knew one in my life who reaped any advantage from a magnificent appearance, and yet this is the only way to make a figure, perhaps some one will cry, who finds himself

himself blest with abundance, and since I can so easily bear the expence, why should I spare what is superfluous to me? The person who speaks this language will undoubtedly be cried up for a liberal soul, and yet the most sordid wretches, that I ever saw, argue exactly in the same manner. The reason of this is, because they are as vain as they are avaricious, and I observe of this sort of people, that if their pride does not hinder them from following the dictates of their nature, they are guilty of more abject baseness than a Jew, and will stick at no kind of injustice to support their vainglory. But to give a short answer to the Gentleman who would appear so liberal, I affirm that to make a figure in this sense of the world is nothing more than to make one coxcomb stare at another. What remains after a reasonable expence, is all the riches he can boast of, and such as will render his life happy, if he has the conduct to use them with discretion. These are my thoughts upon this subject. I am,

Sir,

Your &c.

A DIA.



A DIALOGUE

Between ALEXANDER and HANNIBAL, wherein
SCIPIO and MINOS speak.

Alex. **S**Top, Carthaginian, I am to go over
first.

Han. I will not yield it to you.

Alex. Do you choose that Minos should be our
judge?

Han. Yes, I agree to it.

Min. Who are you?

Alex. Alexander and Hannibal.

Min. Both great men; but what is the subject of
your debate?

Alex. Which of us is to pass the first. This Afri-
can is so insolent as to dispute the preference
with me, who have been the Monarc of all
Asia, and the bravest Commander in the Uni-
verse.

Min. I must hear his reasons. What do you an-
swer to this, Hannibal?

Han. How happy am I that I am to speak be-
fore

fore a Judge, who will grant nothing to favour, nor have so great a regard to appearances as to truth ! I say then that one who raised himself by his own abilities, as I did, and who is indebted only to himself for his success, ought to be preferred to him who derives his glory from his ancestors; because I no sooner passed from Africa to Spain with a handful of men, but I made myself renowned by my valour, and having had, after my Brother in law's death, the command of the troops, I subdued the Celtiberians and the Gauls who lay to the West; afterwards, crossing the Alps, I conquered Italy as far as Rome itself, after having gained three great battles, and destroyed so many enemies in one day, that I measured by the bushel the gold rings which the Knights wore, and walked over a bridge of dead bodies. I have done all these things without calling myself Son of Jove, or being so ambitious as to pass for a God. But what is more to be considered, is that I had not had to deal with Armenians nor Medes who fly before the battle begins, and leave the field to those who have the courage to wait for victory; but with the most warlike nations, and experien-

rienced Commanders in the universe. Besides,
 I did not gain all these victories with veterans
 long inured to war, nor with troops of my
 own country, but with an army of vagabonds
 and, mercenary fellows; nor did I set off with
 a Kingdom for my inheritance, but as a sim-
 ple citizen of Carthage. But Alexander, on
 the contrary, having received from his father
 an Empire with an invincible army, yet stood
 in need of fortune to subdue a voluptuous
 Prince, and effeminate nations, and afterwards
 puffed up with victory degenerated from the
 paths of his ancestors, and would be adored as a
 God, after having killed with his own hands
 his best friends, and delivered the rest to un-
 merited executions. As for me, though trium-
 phant and victorious, being recalled to Africa
 to oppose Scipio, I obey'd as the lowest ci-
 tizen, and after being unjustly condemned, I
 suffered my banishment with patience. But I
 forgot a part of my glory, to wit, that I did
 all these things without the help of learning,
 and without the advantage of an Aristotle for
 my Master. But if Alexander finds any pre-
 tensions in right of his diadem, that may avail
 to him in regard to the Persians and Macedo-
 nians,

nians, but not to me who was not born his subject, and who have gained the renown of a prudent and brave Commander, to whose valour fortune has not always been propitious.

Min. In truth he has pleaded his cause with propriety, and not like a barbarian. What dost thou answer to this, Alexander?

Alex. That my fame would be sufficient to give me the advantage, if I was not as much desirous of gaining it by the force of reason as by that of arms, and to triumph with words as well as deeds. For having found my Father's dominions tottering and unhinged by reason of his death, I found means to establish them by the execution of his murderers, and to make all Greece tremble by the destruction of Thebes. Afterwards, being chosen General against the Barbarians, I carried my arms and conquests farther than any mortal had ever done before me; and passing the Hellespont I rooted the Generals of Darius in open field, subdued all the Provinces as far as Cilicia, conquered the King of Persia himself, and reaped so many laurels in one day, that Caron's boat was not able to carry over the dead, so great was the number of them. After that,

not

So
not to mention Tyre or Arbela, I conquered
all Asia as far as the Indies, and even them
too, making the Ocean the limits of my Em-
pire. Not satisfied with these exploits, I pas-
sed over the Tanais, subdued the Scythians,
triumphed over all the enemies of Greece,
and left crowns to be distributed amongst my
Commanders. But if after having performed
so many deeds above a mortal's capacity, men
took me for a God, they may be, I think,
be excused for it, as may I likewise in ac-
quiescing to it for the establishment of a new
Empire. In short, you see before you, Mi-
nos, the Conqueror of half the world, with
whom an exile disputes the preference after
having died a slave of a petty King of Bithy-
nia. Add to this, that I gained all these vi-
ctories Lion like, and with open force, whe-
reas Hannibal has never acted but with guiles,
and was at last quelled by his own arts; and
he well merited his death, having been as
cruel to his enemies as I was merciful. But
he reproaches me forsooth with my debauchery
after his pretty frolics in Capua, by which
he lost the fruit of so many victories. My
pleasures never tarnished the glory of my
arms,

arms, and I deferred to triumph till I had no more enemies to conquer. Many other things I could adledge in my defence, but I should be ashamed to say more in so just a cause. Nothing now remains but to give sentence upon this debate.

Scip. Stop, Minos, I have something to lay before you.

Min. Who art thou?

Scip. Scipio who conquered Hannibal, and subdued Carthage.

Min. But what hast thou to say?

Scip. That I yeld it to Alexander, but dispute it with Hannibal.

Min. Thou art in the right. Thou shalt go over before him, and Alexander before both. Let me hear no more of it.



A LET.

A LETTER

*Containing the character
of an excellent Lady.*

Sir,

IT is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of Madam de Villacerse, whose departure out of this life, I do not know whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate, or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented, She was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper, and greatness of mind. On the 10th instant that Lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but it was such as was to light too make her take a sick-bed, and
yet

yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known that some years ago Monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this Lady. Her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion; but as a woman has always some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon the advice of her physicians to lose some of her blood) to send for Mr. Festeau on that occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some apprehension: she smiled and said, she knew Mr. Festeau had no inclination to do her injury. He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for he had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is impossible to express the artist's distraction, or the patient's com-

posure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you that within three days time it was necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using Festeau as it would be natural to one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any consultation about her present condition, and on every occasion she asked whether he was satisfied in the measures that were taken about her. Before this last operation, she ordered her will to be drawn, and after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bade the surgeons, of whom poor Festeau was one, to go on in their work. I do not know how to give you the terms of art, but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed as her fate approached nearer, and nearer, and took notice of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to Mr. Festeau, which was as follows.

„ You give me, Sir, an inexpressible sorrow
 „ for the anguish with which I see you over-
 „ whelmed. I am removed to all intents and

„ pur-

„ purposes from the interests of human life.
 „ Therefore I am to begin to think like one
 „ wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider
 „ you as one, by whose error I have lost my
 „ life; no; you are my benefactor, as you have
 „ hastened my entrance into a happy immorta-
 „ lity. This is my sense of this accident; but
 „ the world in which you live, may have thou-
 „ ghts of it to your disadvantage; I have there-
 „ fore taken care to provide for you in my will,
 „ and have placed you above what you have to
 „ fear from their ill nature. „

While this excellent woman spoke these words,
 Festeau looked as if he received a condemnation
 to die instead of a pension for his life. Madam
 de Villacerfe lived till eight of the clock the
 next night, and though she must have laboured
 under the most exquisite torments, she possessed
 her mind with so wonderful a patience, that one
 may rather say she ceased to breath, than she
 died at that time. You who had not the hap-
 piness to be personally known to this Lady, have
 nothing but to rejoice in the honour you had of
 being related to so great a merit; but we who ha-
 ve lost her conversation, cannot so easily resign our
 own happiness by the reflection on hers. I am &c.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

THe Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as Knives, boats, looking-glasses: and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corps of their dead friend a bow and arrows that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as they did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd however such an opinion as this may appear, our European Philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with Substances and Beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his Dissertation upon the Loadstone, observing that fire will destroy its magnetick wirtue, tells us that he took par-

ticu-

particular notice of one as it lay glowing amongst an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the *Substantial Form*, that is, in our West-Indian phrase, the soul of the Loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great Repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the Dead.

The Visionary, whose name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track, or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw an huge Lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he vatches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the Lion rose with

with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge stone in his hand, but to his infinite surprise he grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the Lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it; that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briars and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset-edge to the ghosts inclosed in it, and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought

he

he resolved to travel through this intricate wood, when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much farther when he observed the thorns and briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scent and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of living to those rugged scenes through which he had passed before. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains inclosed in it, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed with a young man on the back of it advancing in full gallop after the souls of about an hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of an hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagua*, who died about half a year before, and by reason of his virtues was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

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He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills and shady vales as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conception of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coin, others were pitching the shadow of a bar, others were breaking the apparition of a horse, and many employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country; but he quickly found that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He came at length to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler who had taken a

great

great many shapes of fishes which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man a joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not stood long by the fisherman, when he saw the shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her, and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was impassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long before he plunged into the stream that lay before him, and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a

ri-

giver, walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach *Taratilda* flew into his arms, whilst *Marraton* wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with her own hands with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, *Taratilda* told him, that she was preparing this bower for his reception as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men would certainly bring him to that happy place whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him who died some years before, and resided with her in this same delightful bower, advising him to breed up those others which were still with him, in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

A LET.

A LETTER

Of a Father to his Son.

My dear Son,

YOU have now attained that period when the *toga virilis* perfectly becomes you. The education you have received will, I doubt not, enable you to appear as a Gentleman, and occasionally acquit yourself as a scholar; but in the character of the one let me particularly recommend to you to avoid any thing that borders upon the fop: not that I would have you hold even dress in contempt; but remember that all extremities are ridiculous, the happy medium is the line of the man of sense. In conversation, though I would have you avoid all barbarous expressions, all vulgar phrases; take care also to avoid affectation in the choice of uncommon words; and if upon some extraordinary occasion you should quote a latin or greek author, do it so sparingly, that no one should think you did it

to make a parade of your learning, for a professed pedant is the most obnoxious of all animals. In conversation be rather chearful than sententious; mirthful than witty, condescending than argumentative; for notwithstanding argument has been called the soul of conversation, it frequently hurries a man into warm altercations which sometimes are productive of disagreeable consequences: therefore whenever you find a man begin to heat in the debate, you may be convinced he is in the wrong, and you gain a victory in yielding to him. Besides, in the company of women there is something terrifying in the idea of arguments: make it therefore an invariable rule always to submit to the ladies. A well-timed story, if happily related, can never fail to please; but shun a practice now too commonly pursued, of having a string of stories to furnish out the day, and which must be introduced, whether pertinent or not. The same hint will serve with respect to extraordinary characters; for though the portrait of a man who makes a noise upon the theatre of life will always meet applause, if displayed with judgement, should be (though ever so great a *caricature*) be held up in a wrong light: the painter will probably be considered.

sidered as a dawber, and the original too insignificant to be traced upon canvass. In your epistolary correspondence with your friends aim at ease and familiarity; a quaintness, or even floridity of stile upon these occasions betrays a weakness to shine, where you should only mean to please; but take care to be always correct in your language and that your declarations may not afterwards, in case a rupture should arise between you, tell to your disadvantage; and it would be therefore necessary always to keep the rough drawghs of your letters by you, that they may be recurred to, if occasion should demand it.

You will, doubtless, no sooner make your appearance in polite life, according to your station, than you will be carested by a number of young fellows, who make gaiety and dissipation their only pursuits, they will consider you as a prize, if they divert you from your former regular life, and make you as abandoned as themselves: they will allure you to participate of all the pernicious pleasures of the Capital. Shun these insnarers as a pestilence: they carest but to destroy; their irregularities are but of a short duration; their constitutions, unable to sustain, soon

soon yield to repeated vigils at the shrine of Bacchus, or the altar of Venus.

There is another set of men who constantly infest the Capital still more pernicious than those, as they have most of the fatal allurements in common with the others, united to their villainous designs upon your pocket, nay your fortune. These are the gentlemen who live, at least in a great measure, by play, and who, having no other pursuit, are dexterous at most games beyond the bounds of honesty. A young nobleman just started upon the town, inexperienced in the wiles of mankind, is their darling object. It is difficult to point out to you the immediate index of these vultures, as their external appearance imposes them upon you for gentlemen, and their address is polite, even to an excess. Their fawning behaviour will indeed, in some measure, distinguish them, and their conversation may, through their ignorance serve as another beacon. The only rule I can give you to avoid the snares of these impostors is, never to play for any sum, the loss of which can give you a moment's uneasiness.

Besides the danger you run of being cheated by gamblers, as they are professed soldiers of
 fool for.

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fortune; they think it incumbent on them, upon every occasion, to vindicate what they call their honour; and as they are fond of having a quarrel with a real gentleman, they frequently go in search of disputes, to display their valour. Gaming indeed furnishes them with too many opportunities of shewing their false courage, and unless you will let them defraud you with impunity, they insist upon cutting your throat for detecting them.

Now I am upon the subject of quarrelling, let me give you a few thoughts upon what is called the point of honour. Although you are an excellent swordsman, let not your skill betray you into a desire of exhibiting it. A quarrelsome man is the bane of society: he is shunned and despised. If ever you are so unfortunate as to be engaged in a quarrel, by receiving an affront that you cannot, as a gentleman, put up with, acquit yourself like a man of honour. Courage in a man, like virtue in a woman, must not even be suspected.

This naturally leads me to consider, that as you may probably appear in a military capacity, your honour will be placed in a more conspicuous point of view than in private life. I have not the least doubt

of

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of your performing your duty as an Officer in the field, or as a gentleman in the camp; I would only caution you not to let the thirst of glory, in the first instance, carry you beyond the bounds of your duty, but to obey, strictly obey, your superiours. With respect to your brother-officers, always treat them with that civility and respect which is due to their rank, and though you may discover many of them much inferior to yourself in understanding and literature, let not your superiority upon any occasion betray you into a contempt of their abilities, and carefully avoid sarcastic raillery carried beyond the point of politeness. I cannot dismiss this head without recommending to you an attentive perusal of the best books upon the military art, that you may not, as many are, be entirely ignorant of your profession.

If you should chance to be placed in civil life in any department of the state, make yourself perfectly acquainted with the nature of your office; let not dispatches of moment be sent without having carefully perused them. Here you will probably have an opportunity of calling forth all your genius, all your learning; the histories of nations, the revolutions of governments, the policy of
Courts,

Courts, the interests of Princes, the intrigues of cabinets. Your Knowledge of the dead and living languages will be of infinite service to you, and the facility with which you write your own, and the other polite tongues, will enable you to correspond with the Ministers of all the Courts in Europe. Here you may at once display the statesman and the scholar, the gentleman and the patriot.

I do not pretend to give you any advice how to act as a Senator, as I know your conscience and good sense will dictate your conduct in that capacity. Be aware, however, of the violence of party, and let not your interest or connections bias your judgement.

I shall now, my dear son, take my leave of you, hoping that these few thoughts, thrown together for your future happiness, will have their desired effect, being most tenderly.

Your most affectionate Father
N. N.

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A LET-

A LETTER

To a Lady.

Madam,

I Have resolved, Madam, to give you a piece of advice, though I am sensible how little the Ladies care to receive any. But let the effect be what it will, I am too much concerned for your beauty not to inform you that you will injure it extremely if you would put on fine clothes on the Queen's Birth-day. Let others of your sex make use of ornaments; these are artificial beauties, that serve them instead of the natural, and we are obliged to them for gratifying our eyes with something more agreeable than their own persons. But should you follow their example, we would not have the same obligation to you. Every ornament that is bestowed upon you, hinders a charm, as every ornament that is taken from you, restores you some new grace, and you are never so lovely as when we behold nothing in you but yourself.

The

The greatest part of the Ladies are very advantageously lost under their dress. Some women look well enough with a pearl necklace; that would make a very sorry figure with their bare necks. The richest necklace in the world would have an ill effect upon you; it would make some alteration in your person, and every alteration that happens to a perfect beauty, cannot be an advantage to it. They who keep your jewels from you, are better friends to your beauty than you may imagine. Were you in the condition you ought to be in, it would not be so easy to distinguish the advantages of your personal merit from those of your fortune; but thanks to them who have taken care to separate those two things, we plainly see in you that you are obliged to none but yourself for all the tender sentiments men have for you. Let others lay out all they are worth in jewels and fine cloaths; nature has been in you at all the expence, and as you would be ungrateful, so we should betray an ill taste, should we not be equally content with that profusion of gifts she has heaped upon you.

I would advise you, Madam, to take the same measures on her Majesty's Birth-day, which

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the famous *Buffi D'Amboise* formerly observed
at a Tournament. Being informed before hand
that all the noblemen of the Court designed to
put themselves to an extraordinary expence in
their equipage and clothes, he ordered his re-
tinue to be dressed like Lords, and appeared him-
self in the plainest dress in the world at the head
of so rich a train. The advantages of nature were
so conspicuous in the person of *Buffi*; that he
alone was taken for a great Lord, and the other
noblemen who relied so much on the magnifi-
cence of their habits, passed but for valets. I
beseech you, Madam, govern your self by the
example of *Buffi*: Let *Fanchon* and *Grenier* be
attired like Duchesses; but as for yourself, ap-
pear in the ordinary dress of a country Nymph,
with nothing but the charms of your beauty to
recommend you; all the Ladies will be taken
for *Fanchons*, and the plainness of your habit
will not hinder you from outshining all the
Queens in the Universe. I am,

Your &c.

Madam,

A LET.

A STORY OF A TRAVELLER.

A Friend of mine, who with some other English Gentlemen was making the tour of Europe, happened, as he passed through one of the most wild and mountainous parts of France, to lose his company. On his first finding himself alone, he imagined that having been in a deep musing, they had gone on before without his observing them, therefore clapped spurs to his horse in order to overtake them; but having rode some miles without seeing either any thing of them, or meeting any person who could direct him to the town where they had agreed to put up for that night, he was extremely at a loss especially when he came where three roads met. To add to his misfortune there fell a very heavy rain, accompanied with a great wind, insomuch that he was obliged to make towards a wood, which he saw at some distance, to shelter himself and his horse from the fury of the storm, which every moment seemed to gather strength.

The intermingling boughs of the trees for some little time defended him, but would not have continued to do so much longer, and he was beginning

gioning to give way to impatience, when on a sudden he heard a human voice call to him to turn towards the right of a little mount about twenty yards from him.

He has assured me that never any music had given him half the pleasure as the sound of one of his own species did in that unfrequented wild. He did not fail to obey the summons, and immediately perceived a man dressed like an Hermit stand at the entrance of a cave beneath the mount. The tempest did not prevent him from coming forth to meet this distressed traveller; he helped him to alight, tied his horse under one of the thickest trees, and then conducted him into his gloomy habitation with all the politeness of a Courtier.

My friend was extremely surprised, not only at his reception, but at the excessive neatness of every thing he saw in his cavern, which he found was divided into two rooms: the first contained a table, two easy chairs, a small beaufet with glasses and some China, loaded with the most excellent fruits: the other had in it only a couch with a mattress and coverlid, one chair and a shelf of books near which was fixed a little Altar with a Crucifix. He could not help testifying

ging his admiration at the contrivance of the habitation, and as he spoke french very well, began to ask some questions concerning it, and in what manner his host could be provided with necessaries as he saw no town, nor even village near that place. To which the other replied with a smile, that his curiosity should be fully satisfied; but first, said he, you must refresh yourself with such things as this homely Cell affords.

In speaking those words he spread a curious damask napkin on the table, and then set plates of pickles, several sorts of fresh and dried fruits, fine manchet, fromage and a bottle of the best Burgundy. In fine a more elegant afternoon's collation could not have been presented in the most opulent city, than what this cavern in the middle of an unfrequented wood afforded. The more the stranger saw, the more he was surprised, which the seeming Hermit perceiving, entertained him, while they were eating, with this account of himself.

He told him that he was not a constant inhabitant of the place he found him in, but repaired thither occasionally, and when he was in the humour to indulge reflexion; that he wore that habit, which was always held sacred even by the
most

most profligate, to protect him from any insults, in case he should happen to be seen by any of those wretches, who living on the plunder of travellers, frequently, when pursued, took shelter in that wood; and that he was called the *Count de Montaubin*, and his usual residence was in a castle of his own about twelve miles distant.

My friend after having pay'd him those respects which the knowledge of his quality demanded, expressed some amazement that he should have occasion to take the pains to come so far, and subject himself to so many inconveniences merely for the sake of a retirement; which he might, doubtless, enjoy in as full a manner at home, if he was disposed to let his inclination for solitude be signified to his acquaintance. To which the Count replied, that he perceived he was a stranger to the humour of the French Nation: that what he mentioned was a thing wholly impracticable to a man of his quality: that tho' he lived at a considerable distance from *Paris*, or any great City, his Castle was continually crowded either with the neighbouring Gentry, or persons who travelled that way, and that besides, he was married to a Lady of so gay a disposition, that it was impossible for him
ever

over to be entirely alone. To add to all this, continued he, I have several children, and a numerous retinue of servants, and tho' I should shut myself up in the most retired room I have, I could not still be free from interruption of one kind or other.

The mind, said he, requires some relaxations as well as the body, and when fatigued with the hurry of those pleasures with which it is expected one should entertain one's friends, here I retire to give a loose to contemplation, and when I have recruited my spirits, I return again into the world, and taste the joys of love and conversation with as much higher relish than if I never was absent from them.

The English Gentleman could not help allowing the justness of his notions in this point; but still thought it strange that he did not make choice of some place where he might be less exposed to accidents, than in the wildness of this wood; but the Count who, it seems, was one of the most complaisant and obliging persons on earth, would not suffer him to remain in a suspense, which was in his power to ease, and therefore made no scruple of relating to him some passages of his former life, which entirely

banished all the difficulties he had found in himself to reconcile to reason a behaviour that at first appeared to have in it so much oddity.

The Count in his former years had the misfortune to have a rencounter with a nobleman, in which he gave him some wounds, which he did not know but were mortal. Besides the law, which in that country is very severe against duelling, his antagonist was a person in great favour with the King, and he had little room to hope for mercy in case the other died. To avoid the prosecution, he fled from Paris, and not doubting but all houses, where they might expect to find him, would be strictly searched, he concealed himself in this wood, accompanied only by one faithful servant, who having been brought up with him, would not be prevailed upon to quit him in such an extremity.

He assured my friend that they lived for near three weeks on such provision only as that desolate wild afforded: that for several days they could not find a brook at which they might slack their thirst, so that the fruits they found on some of the edges served them both as food and drink; and to secure themselves from the wolves by night, which frequently prowled about

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that forest, they were obliged to take their lodgings in the tallest trees they could find. Nothing, he said, but the protecting hand of Heaven could have enabled them to sustain the hardships they were obliged to suffer. At last quite tired and worn out with despair, death seemed less terrible than the continuance of such a life, and he ventured to send his servant to enquire what was become of the wounded Gentleman, and at the same time to procure some place where he might once more be accommodated with the necessaries which the nature of his being required.

The fellow's return brought him the good news that his enemy was not only recovered of the hurts he had received from him; but had also confessed that he himself had been the aggressor, and endeavoured by all his friends to obtain the same pardon for the Count as for himself: that every body expected it would soon be signed, and that, tho' it was not proper he should appear in public till it was so, yet, as all search after him was entirely over, he might quit that dreadful situation, and repair to the house of a relation, who would meet him at the entrance of the forest, and conduct him with all manner of privacy.

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Every thing happened according to his intelligence, and he had not a week before the Royal clemency exerted itself in favour of both the delinquents, who then as great friends as before they had been the contrary, went together to throw themselves at the foot of the Throne, and pay their graceful acknowledgments.

The Count concluded his little narrative with saying, that though this adventure was so happily ended, the danger and hardships it had involved him in, gave a much more serious turn to his humor than he had ever known before: that during his abode in that solitary place, he had found so much matter for contemplation, that the remembrance still dwelt, and ever would do so, upon his mind; and tho' the ideas which he now had, demanded in privacy to indulge, yet they were so far from having any thing melancholy or gloomy in them, that this afforded him the most serene and perfect satisfaction.

You see now, added he, the motives I have for retiring myself some times from the noise and hurry of the world, and as this place was my asylum in distress, I cannot help having a kind of love for it, and think I ought in gratitude to make it the scene of my more pleasing meditations. I

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therefore made this cavern be cut out of the mount furnished it as you see, provided two chairs in case any distressed person should have occasion to take refuge here, as it has now happened; and I could wish that I had taken the same precaution as to a bed, for it now grows late, and I foresee the storm will not abate while you can depart with any safety; but we will pass the night as well as we can; I have a sufficient quantity of Burgundy within, and by the help of that and conversation we may beguile the hours till morning, when my servant will be here, and then I will beg the favour of your company to a place where it will be in my power to entertain you in a fashion more agreeable to my inclination and your merit.

My friend then told him how having lost his company he could not do himself the honour to accept his invitation, because he ought to make the best of his way to the town where they had agreed to stay for that night and said he did not doubt but to overtake them, provided he could but find his way out of the forest.

Count *Montaubin* assured him that what he talked of, was no way to be performed: that the town he mentioned, lay quite on the other side

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side of the wood, which was wholly impracticable to be passed without a guide, even tho' he had the day instead of the night before him, by reason of the many intricate turnings it contained: that the great road was not only the safest, but the nearest, and as he has missed it by turning into the wood, he might by the assistance of his servant easily recover it; but, said he, as the man will be with me, as he always is, extremely early, the best way will be to send him to your friends to acquaint them where you are, and engage them either to come to you at my Castle, which luckily happens to be situated very near the road, or to tarry till you can reach them.

This expedient seemend no less reasonable and convenient to the Gentleman, than it was kind and obliging in him that proposed it, and being a man perfectly free from all that troublesome formal ceremony, which halfbred people are so full of, he agreed to it without any hesitation or apologies.

The night glided almost insensibly away in such agreeable conversation, and Aurora had scarce given place to the chariot of the sun before the servant of Count *Montaubin* arrived with a led horse,

se, it being the day his Lord had appointed for his return home, and the wood altogether impassable for any wheel carriage.

The storm having now entirely subsided, every thing seemed more beautiful for the latter ruffle it had sustained. So pleasing a wildness appeared through the whole, that my friend was perfectly charmed with it, and the Count did not fail, during the time of their little journey, to set forth all the delights this rural scene afforded. Here said he, we see nature in its purity just as it came from the hands of the Creator. What art, what agriculture can equal the sweet confusion with which every plant springs up spontaneous? What a solemn reverence do these tall ancient trees excite? How ravishing is the fragrancy of the air that their fanning boughs waft to us, unmixed, unadulterated with any of those particles which the neighbourhood of Cities constantly sends forth? Here we enjoy untainted æther, partake the food of Angels, new-wing our souls, and almost spiritualize our dull mortality: yet, added he, how many live, and how many years did I live without giving myself leave to know that Heaven had bestowed such blessings upon man!

He

He further added, that he found an inward satisfaction, such as no tongue could express, in his meditations during the time of this thus secluding himself from society, which was ordinarily no more than four or five days together: that no person whatever knew the place of his retirement but that faithful servant, who came every morning to receive his commands, and to bring him such things as were needful.

With this kind of discourses they beguiled the time, till being come into the great road, the Count dispatched his servant to the Inn where my friend had informed him it was likely his companions might be found, with his compliments to them unknown, and an earnest entreaty that they would come to his Castle in search of him they had lost, and for whom they were doubtless in great trouble.

These orders were no sooner given, than the man who received them clapped spurs to his horse, and was immediately out of sight. The Count and his new guest rode slowly, not only that they might converse with more ease, but also to favour the poor animal, which was very much fatigued with being exposed all night to the severity of the weather, and whom the Co-

unc

but had not in his power to refresh as he had done his rider.

A short time, however, brought them to a stately Castle, where the Count entered by a back-gate, of which he had the key, and having conducted the stranger into a magnificent antichamber, intreated his pardon for leaving him a few minutes, after which he returned dressed according to his quality, and so much changed from what he had appeared in his Hermit's dress, that he was hardly to be known. He then introduced him to his Lady, a very lovely woman, and five children, the eldest not exceeding eleven years of age, but were all extremely beautiful and well made. My friend beheld them with admiration, and after making his proper compliments to each, said to the Count, that not all the elegant descriptions he had given him of the charms of contemplation, were half so convincing to him, as to find they were capable of rivalling in his esteem those he left at home.

The Countess prevented her husband from making any return to his compliment, by replying herself in so gay and gallant a manner, as shewed her a Lady whose wit was not at all inferior to her personal perfections.

E

They

They all breakfasted in her apartment, after which they entered into an agreeable conversation, which was pleasingly interrupted by the arrival of the English Gentlemen. The joy to see their friend safe and in such good company, after having imagined some very ill accident had befallen him, did not hinder them from receiving the welcome given them by their illustrious hosts with a politeness that did not shame the appearance they made, and both together concurred to convince those who saw them, that they were in reality persons of family and fortune.

The first civilities being over, the Count led them into his Gardens which were laid out with all the exactness, propriety and good fancy imaginable. Here parterres of flowers charmed the senses with their fragrancy and beauty: there bubbling fountains encompassed with grots, ornamented with the richest treasure of the sea, invited to a soft repose. The most curious statues of ancient Heroes and Philosophers, placed at the corner of each avenue, reminded the beholder of the happiness past times enjoyed; and the spacious walks, bordered with trees which met on the top, forming long arbours, afforded a most delightful shade, and gave room to those
who

who walked, to converse without the trouble of turning back to each other, as in the narrow pent alleys of some gardens. He then conducted them into the chief apartment of the Castle, where they found every thing splendid and magnificent. In a word, according to the description given me of it, grandeur and elegance seemed to vie with each other which should excel in the attractive power.

When the time of dining arrived, the table was spread with all the delicacies of the season; a continued round of sprightly wit rendered the repast yet more agreeable, and for the space of ten days (for so long the Count detained them) they were entertained in a manner, which shewed the hospitality and politeness of the French Nation. But my friend informed me that during the whole time they were there, scarce an hour passed without introducing some new guest, and that every night there was either a ball or a concert. In fine, they seemed to live only for diversion, and the Count, tho' no man appeared more gay in company, would often in the midst of his hurry take him aside, and speak in this manner: You see, Sir, how impossible it is to indulge contemplation in this place, and

may judge if a little recess from such a profusion of these noisy pleasures, is not entirely necessary for a man who would not choose to forget himself, and the ends for which he was created. I should have been glad to have had my curiosity satisfied in one point, and that was, whether the Countess his wife was let into the secret of the place of his abode, and his reasons for such frequent absenting himself from her; but this my friend was ignorant of as myself, no mention ever being made of it in the family, that he heard of, but he seemed inclined, as (well as myself, to believe that she was not kept in the dark on this article, by the perfect harmony there seemed to be between them, which, unless she was a very extraordinary woman indeed, could not have subsisted, if ignorant from what motives he deprived her of his society.

A LETTER

*Wherein is drawn the Picture of
a Friend.*

Sir,

YOU desire then, Sir, to have me draw the picture of a friend of yours and mine, and make you a copy of an original which you know as well as myself. I am sensible of the pleasure which is to be found in obeying you, but I know well how difficult it is to please you. How must I represent him to you? If I dissemble his defects, I am insincere: if I set them in a clear light, I am perhaps indiscreet. If I enumerate his virtues to you, I shall be suspected either of too much friendship for him, or complaisance for you. But, in short, you enjoin it, and I hope you will distinguish all the good qualities he has, freely forgive him all his bad ones, and take kindly the representing him to you exactly such as he is.

His

His figure, as you know, is not charming; but it has nothing displeasing in it: his physiognomy is neither inspiring, nor promises at first sight the whole worth of the man, but one may remark in his eyes and countenance a something that warrants his abilities and integrity.

He seems at first too serious and reserved, but afterwards grows insensibly chearful, and they who can put up with this first appearance of coldness, grow into perfect good humour with him afterwards. His mind does not display itself all at once, but opens by degrees, and rises upon you in proportion as it is better known. He does not endeavour to gain the esteem and friendship of others, he selects those he can like for acquaintance and friends, in whom if he finds but ever so small a tendency of inclination, he afterwards ingratiates himself more with his natural sweetness, and certain looks of discretion which conciliate confidence. He never was anxious to form parties in his favour, but endeavoured to be esteemed by reason, not by cabals. His reputation was never chargeable to his friends, and has cost nothing to any body, but himself. When he merited praise, he has left to others the care of bestowing it upon him. He is very capable
of

of using his wit at will, but not of arrogating any advantage from it, and tho' he knows and esteems himself for what he is worth, nevertheless he leaves to every body the liberty of judging of him. If others have a good opinion of him, he is grateful for it; if not, he appeals to his own breast, and does himself the justice they refuse him. He has a turn of mind polite, easy and capable of performing all he undertakes. He has been happy in his poetical attempts, and has succeeded also in prose. The learned have not being disgusted with his Latin: the Court has praised his politeness: he has wrote with success; he has spoken in public even with applause. His conversation is neither brilliant nor tiresome: he lowers, he raises himself as occasion requires. He says little, but it is easily perceived that he thinks much. Certain looks of spirit and sagacity mark on his countenance what he approves, or what he blames, and his very silence is expressive. Whenever he happens to be among those he dislikes, he wraps himself up within himself, but nevertheless retains a presence of mind. When he is with his friends, he likes to discourse, and pour forth his whole soul. When he is talking, one may easily see that he knows how to hold his

his tongue, and when he is silent, it is as easily seen that he knows how to talk. He lends an ear of complacency to others, and often pays them with the patience and attention he shews in listening to what they say. He readily forgives them for having but a small share of wit, provided they do not take pains to make him believe that they have a great deal of it. By accomodating himself to every one, and preferring himself to none, he is welcome to every company. He does not pretend to make a parade of his knowledge: he has rather give others the pleasure of recounting what they know. He is not of a very lively appearance without, but he is very sprightly within, and few things escape his reflexions. He is not naturally inquisitive, and takes no pleasure in forming conjectures about other people's secrets; but if they give him but the least gleam of light into them, he advances from conjecture to conjecture, and when he has a mind, there is no mystery that escapes him. He sees at once the ridiculous sides of men, and no person was ever more quick in remarking a folly. He is naturally lazy, but when he has a mind, he finds within himself certain resources, at which he himself has been often surpris'd.

Though

Though he loses a great deal of time, nevertheless he finds he has always enough, and as slow as he appears, there are very few men, be as diligent as they will, whom he does not come up to. For his stile and his works, there is nearness, softness and elegance in them; nature there comes near to art, and art resembles nature. One is apt to imagine at first that it is impossible to think and speak in a different way, but after some reflection one sees clearly that it is not easy to think and speak so. There is a great propriety in his meaning, order in his discourse and subjects, disposition and arrangement in his words, and a happy facility, which is the fruit of a long study. No addition can be made to his writings without inserting something superfluous, and nothing can be retrenched without taking away something necessary. In short, your friend would be more valuable could he accustom himself to diligence, and if his memory not overfriendly to him, tho' faithful in its little extent, would serve him as well as his genius; but there is nothing perfect in this world, and every man has his weak sides.

As for his heart, in which I think you interest yourself more, it is not very easy to know it, it

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conceals itself frequently under the veil of an apparent tranquillity and indifference; but I have seen it undisguised: I have observed it for a long while, and am admitted into its confidence. Therefore, Sir, I will communicate to you what knowledge I have gained of it. It would itself, without difficulty make its confession to you, and therefore it is just that you should be made acquainted with a heart which you possess.

This heart, Sir, is not unworthy of you. He has a nobleness and generosity sway'd by no interest, and would not wish for the enjoyment of good, except for the power of doing good. His greatest pleasure is to be able to oblige his friends, on to be in a capacity of acknowledging the obligations he has to them; yet he would rather be in the way of doing than receiving favours. He has always been of opinion that merit might subsist without fortune; he has been contented with the former, and was never at any pains for the latter.

Nothing is so contrary to his inclinations as to be chargeable to any body. In occasions of want he has no other resource, but in his own patience, and tho' he was more eloquent than he is, he no more has the power of speaking when
upon

upon the subject of begging. All the honours of the world would seem to him bought at too dear a rate, had they cost him any act of meanness. He does not love to contradict, but much less to flatter. Tho' no man can praise with a better grace than he does, he nevertheless would never sell, or even bestow unseasonably his praises. As he knows the proper times for throwing in some grains of fragrant incense that may refresh, but not nauseate, so neither does he accept it, if it be not as near as that he bestows. He has ambition, but not of that kind which is ever grasping, but of that which waits peaceably for the justice which is due to it: of that which does not follow the shortest, but the most honourable track, and of that which would labour to deserve long before it would wish to obtain the point it may reasonably pretend to. He acquiesces easily in the want of happiness, provided the public judge him worthy of it, and endeavours to make himself considerable by himself, rather than by the situation he may be placed in. He envys the glory of no one, but has pleasure in the enjoyment of his own. Though he is sensible of the accomplishments he is possessed with, he nevertheless esteems those of others; so that he has the pleasure of

of honour without making others sufferers by any
arrogance in consequence of it. He is sensible
to sincere and disinterested approbations: the prai-
ses of a man who does not know him: the ex-
clamations of an hearer, or the finger of a pas-
senger, who points him out, and says, *This is*
he; these are the praises he is most feelingly
touched with. When any body exalts him, he
contains himself with a becoming moderation, and
his modesty is embarrassing; but if any one pre-
tends to lower him, he assumes a noble pride,
that sets him above every thing. He is acces-
sible, popular and obliging to those who are be-
low him, as well as to his equals. As for the
Great, who value themselves much upon what
they are, he respects them at a distance, and
abandons them to their own grandeur. He is ma-
ster of himself on every occasion, and his pas-
sions have no influence on his reason without his
consent, or unless by surprise. He is a man of
strict integrity, and is very apt to think all the
world are the same; but if one is ever guilty of a
failure to him, he can never after regain his confi-
dence, and therefore, he never deceives any one, and
is never deceived more than once. If he has given
any body subject of complaint, he forgets no-
thing

thing to make amends for it; but if he is complain-
 ed of without reason, he has a spirit of conscious
 innocence that descends not to explanations and
 justifications, and nothing costs him so much as to
 be forced to make his own apology. When he is
 offended, he has a lively and quick resentment,
 but it does not last long. He dislikes to occu-
 sion envy, but does not afflict himself about it.
 He bears an injury with reluctance, yet forgives
 it; but the infidelity of a friend is an unpardon-
 able sin with him. When any body behaves ill
 to him, there are very few excuses which can
 give him satisfaction, and he is the least as re-
 dily to be reconciled with those who have offen-
 ded him, as he uses the greatest caution to offend
 no one. He has no great attachments to the
 world, and as he has neither much to gain nor
 much to lose, so neither he has great troubles,
 nor great pleasures. The external ceremonies,
 and necessary civilities of life are a burden to
 him. The paying of visits, the writing of let-
 ters, and the commerce of society unavoidable
 among indifferent people are constraints to him,
 and troubles to others. He reckons he has not
 properly lived but that space of time which he
 has passed with his friends, or by himself, and
 his

his best hours are those of familiar conversation or of undisturbed meditations. The number of his friends is like that of the Elect, very small. He does not make an inconsiderate choice of them, but he examines them with circumspection, and preserves them with care when once he has chosen them, and if they are very few, he has at least this advantage that he loses none of those few. He is with them gay without extravagance, free without indiseration, complaisant without impropriety, wise without severity, and familiar without rudeness. He is nice and delicate about the reciprocal duties of love; he would wish that half a word should suffice for being understood, that desire should be even prevented, and that one should ever be able to guess at that which might please the others; but he demands nothing from others, which he does not prescribe to himself, and if he complains with ever so little reason, he suffers others also to complain of him with as little. It is thus that he is made for his friends, and it is thus that he would wish his friends to be made for him.

These, Sir, are the best qualities and manners of our friend. If the picture I have drawn of him, answers to the idea you had before, I shall

not

not repent if having obey'd you; if not, adhere to the opinion you have formed to yourself, and leave to your own heart the care of representing him to you with those qualities which you desire in him. Above all, I beg you would make a secret to him of this writing, which I send you: ever keep a curtain drawn upon his picture, and do not subject me to the displeasure of a man, who blushes at his own virtues as well as his vices, and who never speaks a single word of his own merit, though he makes it talked of by others.

I am,

Your most sincere and faith ful friend.

N. N.

OF

OF THE CONFIDENCE ON THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

MAN, considered in himself, is a wery helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hand the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us: who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural homage, which such a creature bears to so infinitely wise and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniences of life, and an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views

views of humane nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the supreme being, is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loses his own insufficiency in the fullness of his infinite perfection.

To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him who is thus able to relieve and succour us; the divine goodness having made such a reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us. Among several motives which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised, he will not fail those who put their trust in him.

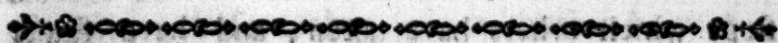
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But without considering the supernatural blessing which accompanies this duty, we may observe that it has a natural tendency to its own reward; or in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great Disposer of all things contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the fight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a confidence of success. I could produce instances from history of Generals, who out of a belief that they were under the protection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage their soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a belief. I might in the same manner shew how such a trust in the assistance of an almighty Being naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty, and

and affliction, but above all in the hour of death: When the soul is hovering in the last moments of its separation, when it is just entering on another state of existence to converse with scenes, objects and companions that are altogether new, what can support her under such trembling of thought but the casting of all her cares upon him who first gave her being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progress to Eternity?



A LETTER

*To a very young Lady
on her marriage.*

Madam,

His hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life, where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many er-

rors, fopperies and follies to which your sex is subject. I have always born an entire friendship to your Father and Mother, and the person they have chosen for your husband, has been for some years past my particular favourite; I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped that from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might in time make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much into the world, whereby you have avoided many wrong steps which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed. But they failed, — as it is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind; without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion, and a true friend through every stage of his life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices, wherein I will not fail to be your director as long as I shall think you to deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions, whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness as well as that of the person who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you in the first place to be very slow in changing the modest behaviour of a virgin. It is usual in young wives, before they have been many weeks married to assume a bold forward look and manner of talking, as if they intended to signify in all companies that they were no longer girls, and consequently that their whole demeanour before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature; whereas I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those Ladies, who after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness:

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of fondness to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons of it; the one is
gross

gross hypocrisy, and the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company, either at home or abroad, and every gentleman present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a French Romance.

Upon this head I should likewise advise you to differ in practice from those Ladies who affect abundance of uneasiness while their husbands are abroad; start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let in their master; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper if the husband happens to stay out, and receive him at his return with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a Shrew from *Billingsgate* would be a more easy and eligible companion.

Of the same leaven are those wives, who, when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post upon pain of fits and hyssericks;

and

and a day must be fixed for their return home, without the least allowance for business, or accidents, or weather. Upon which I can only say, that in my observation, those Ladies who are apt to make the greatest clutter on such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing them news that their husbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for fine cloaths, so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your counsel. I may venture to assure you that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a yard in a brocade, if the Ladies will but allow a suitable addition of care in the cleanliness of their persons. For the satirical part of mankind will needs believe that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy, and that the capacities of a Lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating cleanliness and finery together. I shall only add, upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly woman of quality, that nothing could make her supportable, but cutting off her head, for his ears were offen-

offended by her tongue, and his nose by her
 hair and teeth. I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in
 the choice of company, which however is a
 point of as great importance as any in your life.
 If your general acquaintance be among Ladies
 who are your equals or superiours, provided they
 have nothing of what is commonly called an ill
 reputation, you think you are safe; and this,
 in the stile of the world, will pass for good
 company. Whereas I am afraid it will be hard
 for you to pick out one female acquaintance in
 this town from whom you will not be in a ma-
 nifest danger of contracting some supperry, affe-
 ctation, vanity, folly and vice. Your only safe
 way of conversing with them, is by a firm reso-
 lution to proceed in your practice and behaviour
 directly contrary to whatever they shall say or
 do. And th's I take to be a good general rule
 with very few exceptions. For instance, in the
 doctrines they usually deliver to young married
 women for managing their husbands: their severa
 accounts of their own conduct in that particular,
 to recommend it to your imitation: the reflections
 they make upon others of their sex for acting
 differently; their directions how to come off with
 victory

victory upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband; the arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak side, when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand. In these and in a thousand other cases it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of visiting: half a dozen fools are in all conscience as many as you should require: and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a year; for I think the fashion does not exact that visits should payd to friends.

I advise you that your company at home should consist of men rather than women. To say the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their best qualities forward, there may be an inter course of civility and good will; which with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or any amusement agreeable. But a knot of Ladies got toget her by themselves is a

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very

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very school of impertinence and detraction, and
it is well if those be the worst.

Let your men-acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any she companions, because they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you, and it will cost you some time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

Never take a favourite waiting-maid into your cabinet council to entertain you with histories of those Ladies whom she has formerly served, of their diversions and their dresses; to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander; to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgement, because you are sure it will be always for you: to receive and discard servants by her approbation or dislike: to engage you, by her insinuations, into misunderstandings with your best friends: to represent all things in false colours, and to be the common emissary of scandal.

But the grand affair of your life will be to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your husband. You are married to a man of
good

good education and learning, of an excellent understanding, and an exact taste. It is true, and it is happy for you, that these qualities in him are adorned with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue; but neither good nature nor virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his judgement; and although he is not capable of using you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible, unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world, and as few months to be so in the eyes of a husband, who is not a fool; for I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did, and ever will put a sudden end to. Besides, yours was a match of prudence and common good liking without any mixture of that ridiculous passion which has no being but in play-books and Romances.

You must therefore use all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself.

You

You must improve your mind by closely pursuing such a method of study as I shall direct or approve of. You must get a collection of History and Travels which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading them, and making extracts from them, if your memory be weak. You must invite persons of Knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgement; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and to become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish. He will have regard for your judgement and opinion in matters of the greatest weight: you will be able to entertain each other without a third person to relieve you, by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him, and when you are alone your time will not lie heavy upon your hands for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it has sometimes moved me with pity,

pity, to see the Lady of the house forced to
 withdraw immediately after dinner, and this in
 families where there is not much drinking, as if
 it were an established maxim, that women are
 incapable of all conversation. In a room where
 both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon
 any general subject, the Ladies never think it
 their business, to partake in what passes, but in
 a separate club entertain each other with the
 price and choice of lace and silk, and what
 dresses they liked, or disapproved at the church
 or the Play house; and when you are among
 yourselves, how naturally, after the first com-
 pliments, do you apply your hands to each o-
 ther's lappets and ruffles and mantuas, as if the
 whole business of your lives, and the public
 concern of the world depended upon the cut or
 colour of your dresses. As Divines say that so-
 me people take more pains to be damned, than
 it would cost them to be saved, so your sex
 employs more thought, memory and application,
 than would serve them to make them wise and
 useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot con-
 ceive you to be human creatures, but a sort of
 species hardly a degree above a monkey, who
 has more diverting tricks than any of you, is

an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critick in velvet and brocade, and for ought I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly, as all great Ladies, whom I have ever known did. I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford; and in your own heart I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better natured, more virtuous or wise, than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, tho' they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms

doms

doms of Europe, or travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own country, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome; if they give their judgement upon English or French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice, it is a shame for an English Lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour, by reading and information, to have a share in those entertainments, rather than to turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her, about a new cargo of Fans.

It is a little hard that no one Gentleman's Daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or be a judge of the easiest books that are written in it, as any one may find who can have the patience to hear them, when they are disposed to mangle a play or a novel, where the least word out of the common road is sure to disconcert them. It is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you therefore to read aloud, more or less, every day to your husband, if he will

will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right, and as for spelling, you may compass it in time by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves; but there is an easy remedy for this, if you once consider, that after all the pains you may be at, you never can arrive, in point of learning, to the perfection of a school-boy. The reading I would advise you to, is only for improvement of your good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method, and ill choice of books that makes those learned Ladies just so much worse for what they have read. And therefore it shall be my care to direct you better, a task for which I take myself to be not ill qualified because I have spent more time, and have had more opportunities than many others to observe and discover from what sources the various follies of women are derived.

Pray, observe how insignificant things are the common race of Ladies, when they have passed their

their youth and beauty, how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex; and have no relief but in passing their afternoons in visits, where they are never acceptable, and their evenings at cards among each other, while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair by art and dress the ruins of the time. Whereas I have known Ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of the Court and town payed their adresses, without any farther view than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman: I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly which is not equally detestable in both. There is indeed one infirmity which seems to be generally allowed you, I mean that of cowardice. Yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a Colonel or a Captain on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful becoming quality in themselves to be afraid of their own shadows; to scream in a barge when

the weather is calmest, or in a coach at the ring, to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance; to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a frog. At least if cowardice be a sign of cruelty (as it is generally granted) I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtues equally become both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men, for which they are not so much the worse, except that only of reservedness; which however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation, or hypocrisy. For as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex, who presume to take unbecoming liberty before you, so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

There is never wanting in this town a tribe of bold, swaggering, retelling Ladies whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour; their excellency lies in rude choquing expressions and what they call *running a man down*. If a gentleman in their company happens to have any
ble-

blemish in his birth or person, if any misfortune has befallen his family, or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common prostitute rather than to that of such termagants as these. I have often thought that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women, but to treat them like insolent rascals disguised in female habits, who ought to be stript and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of place, which is to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities which he really possesses, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly has not. For altho' this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation, or ill judgement. It is true, he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are not in a great danger of erring on this side. but my caution is occasioned by a Lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of expence, only I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it in that part of the management which falls to your share, and not to put yourself in the number of those politic Ladies who think they gain a great point, when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long scores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it. And so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your sex, and a perpetual comfort to your husband and your parents. I am with great truth and affection,

Madam,

Your most faithful friend
and humble servant.

THE

THE CHARACTER of KATHARINE late DUCHESS
of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE and NORMANDY.

She was the Daughter of JAMES II. and of the Countess of Dorchester, who inherited the integrity and virtue of her Father with happier fortune. She was married first to James Earl of Anglesey; and secondly to John Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire and Normandy. With the former she exercised the virtues of Patience and Sufferings as long as there was any hopes of doing good by either; with the latter all other conjugal virtues. The man of finest sense, and sharpest discernment she had the happiness to please, and in that found her only pleasure. When he died, it seemed as if his spirit was only breathed into her, to fulfill what he had begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preserve and watch over what he had left, *his only Son*, in the care of whose health, the forming of whose mind, and improvement of whose fortune she acted with the conduct and sense of the father, softened, but not overcome, with the tenderness of the mother. Her understanding was such as must have made a figure, had

had it been in a man; but the modesty of her sex threw a veil over its lustre; which nevertheless suppressed only the expression, not the exertion of it, for her sense was not superiour to her resolution, which, when once she was in the right, preserved from making it only a transition to the wrong, the frequent weakness, even of the best women. She often followed wise counsel, but sometimes went before it, always with success. She was possessed of a spirit which assisted her to get the better of those accidents which admitted of any redress, and enabled her to support outwardly with decency and dignity those which admitted of none; yet melted inwardly, through almost her whole life, at a succession of melancholy and affecting objects, the loss of all her children, the misfortunes of Relations and friends public and private, and the death of those who were dearest to her. Her heart was as compassionate as it was great: her affections warm even to solicitude: her friendship not violent or jealous, but rational and persevering: her gratitude equal and constant to the living; to the dead boundless and heroical. What person soever she found worthy of her esteem she would not give up for any power on earth:

and

and the greatest on earth whom she could not
 offend, obtained from her no farther tribute
 than decency. Her good will was wholly dire-
 cted by merit, not by accident, not measured
 by the regard they professed for her own desert,
 but by her idea of theirs; and as there was no
 merit which she was not able to imitate, there
 was none which she could envy: therefore her
 conversation was as free from detraction, as her
 opinions from prejudice, or prepossession. As
 her thoughts were her own, so were her words;
 and she was as sincere in uttering her judgement,
 as impartial in forming it. She was a safe com-
 panion, many were served, none ever suffered
 by her acquaintance: unoffensive when unpro-
 voked; when provoked not stupid, but the mo-
 ment her enemy ceased to be hurtful, she could
 cease to act as an enemy. She was not therefore
 a bitter, but consistent enemy: (tho' indeed,
 when forced to be so, the more a finished one
 for having been long a making) and her pro-
 ceeding with ill people was more in a calm and
 steady course, like justice, than in quick and
 passionate onsets, like revenge. As for those of
 whom she only thought ill, she considered them
 not so much as once to wish them ill, of such
 her

her contempt was great enough to put a stop to all her other passions that could hurt them. Her love and aversion, her gratitude and resentment, her esteem and neglect, were equally open and strong; and alterable only from the alteration of the persons who created them. Her mind was too noble to be insincere; and her heart too honest as to stand in need of it: so never she found cause to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy. There remains only to speak of her person, which was most amiably majestic, but the nicest eye could find no fault in the outward lineaments of her face, or proportion of her body: it was such as pleased wherever she had a desire it should; yet she never envied that of any other which might better please in general: in the same manner, as being content that her merits were esteemed, where she desired they should, she never depreciated those of any other that were esteemed or preferred elsewhere for she aimed not at a general love, or a general esteem where she was not known; it was enough to be possessed of both wherever she was. Having lived to the age of sixty two years, not courting regard, but receiving it from all who knew her; not loving

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business, but discharging it fully wheresoever duty, or friendship engaged her in it; not following greatness, but not declining to pay respect as far as was due from independency and disinterest; having honourably absolved all the parts of life, she forsook this world, where she had left no act of duty, or virtue undone, for that where alone such acts are rewarded, on the 13th day of march 1743.

A L T E R

*With some Reflections on the hardness
of heart of Parents towards
their Children.*

Sir.

AMong all distresses which happen in families, one of the greatest is, I think, the marriage of children without the consent of their parents. I am one of those unfortunate persons: I was about fifteen when I took the liberty to choose

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for myself, and have ever since languished under the displeasure of an inexorable father, who, though he sees me happy in the best of husbands, and blessed with very fine children, can never be prevailed upon to forgive me. He was so kind to me before this unhappy accident, that indeed it makes my breach of duty, in some measure, inexcusable; and at the same time creates in me such a tenderness towards him, that I love him above all things, and would die to be reconciled to him. I have thrown myself at his feet, and besought him with tears to pardon me, but he always pushes me away, and spurns me from him. I have written several letters to him, but he will neither open, nor receive them. About two years ago I sent my little boy to him dressed in a new apparel; but the child returned to me crying, because he said his grandfather would not see him, and had ordered him to be put out of his house. My mother is won over to my side, but dares not mention me to my father for fear of provoking him. About a month ago he lay sick upon his bed, and in a great danger of his life: I was pierced to the heart at the news, and could not forbear going to inquire after his health. My
mother

not her took this opportunity of speaking in my
 behalf: she told him with abundance of tears,
 that I was come to see him, that I could not
 speak to her for weeping, and that I should
 certainly break my heart, if he refused at that
 time to give me his blessing, and be reconciled
 to me. He was so far from relenting towards
 me, that he bid her speak no more of me, un-
 less she had a mind to disturb him in his last
 moments, for, Sir, you must know that he has
 the reputation of an honest and religious man,
 which makes my misfortune so much the grea-
 ter. God be thanked, he is since recovered; but
 his severe usage has given me such a blow, that
 I shall soon sink under it, unless I may be
 relieved by any impressions, which the reading
 of this in your paper, may make upon him.
 I am &c.

Of all the hardnesses of heart there is none
 so inexcusable as that of parents towards their
 children. An obstinate, inflexible, unforgiving
 temper is odious upon all occasions, but here it
 is unnatural. The love, tenderness and compas-
 sion, which are apt to arise in us towards those
 who depend upon us, is that by which the
 whole world of life is upheld. The supreme
 Being,

Being, by the transcendent excellency and goodness of his nature, extends his mercy towards all his works; and because his creatures have no such a spontaneous benevolence and compassion towards those who are under their care and protection, he has implanted in them an instinct, that supplies the place of this inherent goodness.

This instinct in man is more general and uncircumscribed than in brutes, as being enlarged by the dictates of reason and duty. For if we consider ourselves attentively, we shall find that we are not only inclined to love those who descend from us, but that we bear a kind of natural affection to every thing which relies upon us for its good and preservation. Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity, than any other motive whatsoever.

The man therefore who, notwithstanding any passion, or resentment, can overcome this powerful instinct, and extinguish this natural affection, debases his mind even below brutality, frustrates, as much as in him lies, the great design of Providence, and strikes out of his nature one of the most divine principles that is planted in it.

Among

Among innumerable arguments which might be brought against such an unreasonable proceeding, I shall only insist on one. We make it the condition of our forgiveness that we forgive others. In our very prayers we desire no more than to be treated by this kind of retaliation. The case therefore before us, seems to be what they call a *Case in point*; the relation between the child and father being what comes nearest to that between a creature and its Creator. If the father is inexorable to the child who has offended, let the offence be of never so high a nature, how will he address himself to the supreme Being under the tender appellation of a father, and desire of him such a forgiveness as he himself refuses to grant? To this I might add many other religions, as well as many prudential considerations; but if the last mentioned motive does not prevail, I despair of succeeding by any other.

AN ALLEGORY

From a Play of Aristophanes.

C*hremylus*, who was an old and a good man, and withal, exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The Oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was, to appearance, an old fordid blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession, that he was *Plutus* the God of riches, and he was just come out of the house of a miser. *Plutus* further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare that as soon as he came to age, he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which *Jupiter* considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and let him to strole about the world in the blind condition *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in

a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was *Poverty*. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily, as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. *Poverty* on this occasion pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her own landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts and sciences would be driven out with her: and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments and conveniences of life which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health and their activity by preserving them from gouts, dropsies unwellness and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. *Cbremylus* immediately considered how he might restore *Plutus* to his sight; and in order to it conveyed him to the temple of Esculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means *Plutus* recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every

every one that was distinguished by piety towards the Gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till in the last act *Mercury* descends, with great complaints from the Gods, that since the good men were grown rich, they had received no sacrifices, which is confirmed by a Priest of *Jupiter*, who enters with a remonstrance, that since this late innovation he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. *Chremylus*, who in the beginning of the Play was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal which was relished by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry *Plutus* in a solemn Procession to the Temple, and install him in the place of *Jupiter*. This Allegory instructed the Athenians in two points: first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it shewed the great tendency of the riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.

DRESS

DRESS MAKES THE PERSON

A PROVERB.

IN these few words is concealed an inexhaustible wisdom. They are the Key of the most wonderful adventures of human life which appear so incomprehensible to many, and especially to Philosophers. Dress is indeed the true and only means to attain that happiness, in the pursuit of which men generally take so much pains. How foolish are those who endeavour to convince us that nothing but merit, the love of our country, honesty and virtue can make us truly great and renowned! What these laborious cares avail? You, fine clothes, the most happy contrivance of human mind, you only make what virtue, merit, honesty and the love of one's own country would attempt in vain. Nothing appears to me now so despicable and ridiculous as an honest man meanly dressed; and I cannot bear that such a one should lay any claim to public esteem and admiration for his honesty. How long must he suffer hunger and contempt before he may see himself merely tolerated by those who have no other merit but that of their clothes? The great

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test pains he can be at in order to accomplish
 his duty, do not procure him in thirty years
 the esteem he can obtain by a magnificent dress
 in four and twenty hours. Represent to yourself
 such a man who with his ancient virtues and a
 plain coat ventures the first time in a company
 of rich clothes: he will be very lucky, if the
 porter allows him to come in the house. But
 although he may go as forward as to the anti-
 chamber, he is obliged however to force his
 way through a crowd of servants, the most part
 of whom look at him with contempt, some with
 indifference, and others without minding him at
 all. He asks to pay his compliments to his Gra-
 ce: he receives no answer. He asks again to
 pay his humble respects to his Grace: one of
 the servants directs him to another, and nobody
 carries the word. He retires shameful near the
 chimney, and troubles all the company. He sees
 at last the valet de chambre, desires him with
 the utmost respect to be so good as to procure
 him the great honour to pay his most humble
 respects to his Grace. Come again to morrow,
 Sir: there is company with him to day. But
 could not I... In a word, I say it is impos-
 sible: his Grace would not indeed wait employ-
 ment,

ment, was he to receive the visits of all the shabby fellows who come here: come again to-morrow if you desire to speak to him. There is the honest man, who lives honestly by his own industry, who has made a thousand persons happy with his good advices, who endeavours to protect the widows and orphans, who never deceived any body. There is the good patriot who serves faithfully his Prince and his country: all his merits are overcast with his plain dress. He looks shameful for the door, which is wide opened with an eagerness full of veneration by the servants who range themselves in an awful posture. The valet de chambre flies to his master's apartment: the company throws away the cards: all is in motion. His Grace runs in a great hurry to meet... whom? to meet a gilded block-head, who wears upon his waistcoat the sweat of his deceived creditors. His empty head is applauded because it is well dressed and powdered: all his talents consist in making a fine compliment. If he had but so little of what is called common sense, he would prostitute his sixteen quarters of nobility, and nothing but his filial esteem and respect towards his Ancestors hinders him from having more wit than they had. His

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heart

heart has so much malice as his most noble foolishness allows him to have. He has learned nothing to become useful both to his country and himself, and the protestations of his favour is the only thing with which he serves every body. He lends money, cheats, whistles, laughs, is fond of gaming and with ill luck, and his Grace is charmed with the honour of his visits. My honest man is now quite forgotten, and it is happy for him if he is able to make his escape, and reach the door without being hurt. But the fool deserves such a treatment. Why has he not better clothes and less merit? It would be however to wrong the world to say it is quite insensible to merit. It is not so, but we must open its eyes with an outward appearance, and awake it with a magnificent show. Is it the fault of the world if a great wit is concealed under a paltry dress? The world is a theatre, and upon the stage we look as Princes only upon those who are dressed as such, few have the patience to wait for the last scene to see the displaying of the plot. Let us put only the equity of the world to the test, and change the clothes. You, Sir, be so good as to put on the black coat, and the old wig of this honest

man. How your Lordship looks foolishly! The proud and impertinent air is quite lost. Let this gentleman be carried in that box, in that very box where he has so many times been the kind Gentleman, the polite Lord, the pleasant Baron. He comes in, makes his compliment as well as he did before: no body minds him: he will kiss the hand, he is pushed back. The Ladies are muttering among themselves of the insolence of the fellow. He begins to speak: how his speech is ridiculous and pedantic! He grows impatient and swears. They take him for a steward who has done nothing good in his master's house, and is desirous to appear something better than an ordinary man. They laugh at the fool, and bid the servants to turn him out as an idiot.

As the clothes are the only thing which decides of our merit, I am not ashamed to own that there is no person in the world, whom I look at with more veneration than my Tayler, I go very often to his shop, but never without a holy awfulness, when I see how merits, virtues and wit rise under his creating hands, and how with the point of his needle he makes illustrious men burst out from their nothing, in the same manner as briskly started up the first gene-

rous

rous steed when Neptun struck the earth with his creating Trident. I waited upon him some weeks ago, and found him in a chaos of velvets and very rich silk stuffs, from which he created Lords and Barons. He was cutting a Canon, and was in a great passion because there was not velvet enough to frame his most reverend belly. Upon his chair were hung two Excellencies without sleeves, One of his workmen was employed about a Lord who had exacted before hand from his farmer half a year's rent in order to shew his merits on the next Fair. There was upon the table a great quantity of Beaus, as well as many other young gentlemen, and passionate lovers who seemed to wait impatiently for their formation, and the unfolding of their existence. Under the benches were thrown course cloths and camlets for men of letters, merchants, artisans, and other creatures of an inferiour rank. Two young unskilful men were sitting near the door, and were employed about a suit of a Poet. I stood near the master with the hat in my hands, and continued above an hour in this respectful posture, which I generally keep whenever I am in the companies of persons of quality. My Taylor is so accustomed to this my respectful silence,

sence, that he asks me no more the reason of it. He knows very well the veneration I have for fine clothes, which is very reasonable, for dressing is what we respect in the most part of the Great; and as the body that is wrapt up in these magnificent clothes, is generally indifferent, and of no importance to us, it is our duty to put on also this humble air when we look at them without their accidental body.

In proportion as my thoughts are raised up when I see the wonderful effects of my Taylor in his shop, as slow they sink in regard to the men of quality among my countrymen when I happen to pass by the shops of brokers. These shops are in respect to the clothes, what Graves are in regard to us men: here every difference vanishes. I see very often there the old suit of a Poet hung in a familiar way near that of a rich usurer, and it happened sometimes the waistcoat of a Country Parson to be placed above the velvet coat of his Bishop. I saw there an embroidered suit, which has been for a long time the admiration of the whole town, and a subject worthy to be sung by so many starved Muses, and which at last was forced thro' the rudeness of the creditors, to take shelter in these shops.

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Before I put an end to this article, I must add also this. I have had the complaisance to prove that only dress makes persons and merit, in return for this my trouble I ask a thing which seems to me to be very just. Those, for whose sake I have treated this Proverb, and who are possessed with no other merits but those which they derive from their clothes, will be so just as not to take for themselves the marks of respect that are pay'd to their habits. They have not their persons for their object, and it would be an unpardonable encroachment upon justice, should they take for themselves the esteem which is due only to their clothes. But if I perceive that they neglect this my advice, and continue to take for themselves the compliments which are pay'd to their dress, I am determin'd to mortify them publicly. I and my friends will change our compliments, and when we shall happen to meet such persons, we shall say nothing else, but = I make bold, Sir, to assure your waistcoat of my humble respects = I recommend myself to your embroidered coat = Our country admires the merits of your laced cuffs = May Heaven preserve for many years your Lordship's velvet coat for the advantage of our Church, and for the honour of our country &c.

I have been told this very moment a thing which I do not know whether I must wish for, or not. For an advice to those who value themselves much upon the merits of their clothes, I will let them know what has been till now a secret. It has been projected that in the new pragmatical law should be inserted an article, that no body will be allowed to wear a rich, or a silk coat before he has pay'd for it; and for that purpose every body shall be obliged to carry always the discharge of the Merchant and Taylor in his pocket. What a murmur this edict will raise! And how many magnificent dressings will disappear from our eyes! The proposal is in itself so just, prudent and usefull as it can be; but it appears to me too rigorous. Many, certainly many who have neither merits nor money, and who have till now kept up their reputation, and the public esteem only at the expence of their creditors, will lose in a moment by such a law all that has made them to this time, great, amiable and worthy of esteem. What will become of so many people? How the Theatre will be for the future deserted, and our noble assemblies thinned!

IN-

INGRATITUDE PUNISHED.

AN EASTERN TALE.

A Dervice, venerable by his age, fell ill in the house of a woman who had been long a widow, and lived in extreme poverty in the suburbs of *Balsora*. He was so touched with the care and zeal with which she had assisted him, that at his departure he said to her: I have remarked that you have wherewith to subsist alone; but that you have not subsistence enough to share it with your only son, the young *Abdallah*. If you will trust him to my care, I will endeavour to acknowledge in his person the obligations I have for your care of me. The good woman received his proposal with joy; and the Dervice departed with the young man, advertising her, that they must perform a journey which would last near two years. As they travelled he kept him in affluence, gave him excellent instructions, cured him of a dangerous disease with which he was attacked; in fine, he took the same care of him, as if he had been his own son. *Abdallah* a hundred times testified his gratitude

itude to him for all his bounties; but the old man always answered: "My Son, it is by action
 „ that gratitude is proved; we shall see, in a
 „ proper time and place, whether you are so
 „ grateful as you pretend.

One day, as they continued their travels, they found themselves in a solitary place, and the Dervice said to *Abdallah*: „ My son, we are
 „ now at the end of our journey; I shall employ my prayers to obtain from Heaven that
 „ the earth may open, and make an entrance
 „ wide enough to permit thee to descend into
 „ a place, where thou wilt find one of the
 „ greatest treasures that the earth encloses in its
 „ bowels. Hast thou courage to descend into
 „ this subterranean vault! “ continued he. *Abdallah* swore to him, he might depend on his obedience and zeal. Then the Dervice lighted a small fire, into which he cast a perfume: he read and prayed for some moments, after which the earth opened, and the Dervice said to him
 „ Thou mayest now enter, my dear *Abdallah*;
 „ remember that it is now in thy power to do
 „ me a great service, and that this is perhaps
 „ the only opportunity thou canst ever have of
 „ testifying to me that thou art not ungrateful,
 „ Do

„ Do not let thyself be dazzled by all the riches that thou wilt find there; think only of seizing upon an iron candlestick with twelve branches which thou wilt find close to a door; that is absolutely necessary to me, come up immediately, and bring it to me? “ *Abdallah* promised every thing, and descended boldly into the vault. But, forgetting what had been expressly recommended to him, whilst he was filling his vest and his bosom with the gold and jewels which this subterraneous vault inclosed in prodigious heaps, the opening by which he had entered, closed of itself. He had however presence of mind enough to seize upon the iron candlestick, which the Dervice had so strongly recommended to him, and though the situation he was in, was very terrible, he did not abandon himself to despair, and thinking only in what manner he could get out of a place which might become his grave, he apprehended that the vault had closed only because he had not followed the order of the Dervice: recalled to his memory the care and goodness he had loaded him with: reproached himself with ingratitude, and finished his meditation by humbling himself before God. At length, after much pain and inquietu-

quietude; he was fortunate enough as to find a narrow passage which let him out of that obscure cave; though it was not till he had followed it a considerable way, that he perceived a small opening covered with briars and thorns, through which he returned to the light of the sun. He looked on all sides to see if he could perceive the Dervice, but invain; he designed to deliver him the iron candlestick he so much wished for, and formed a design of quitting him, being rich enough with what he had taken out of the cavern, to live in affluence without his assistance.

Not perceiving the Dervice, nor remembering any of the places which he had passed through, he went on as fortune directed him, and was extremely astonished to find himself opposite to his mother's house, which he imagined he was at a great distance from. She immediately enquired after the holy Dervice. *Abdallah* told her frankly what had happened to him, and the danger he had ran to satisfy his unreasonable desires. He afterwards shewed her the riches with which he was loaded. His mother concluded, upon the sight of them, that the Dervice only designed to make a trial of his courage and his obedience, and that they ought to make use of the
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happiness which fortune had presented to them, adding that doubtless such was the intention of the holy Dervise. Whilst they contemplated upon these treasures with avidity; whilst they were dazzled with the lustre of them, and formed a thousand projects in consequence of them, they all vanished away before their eyes. It was then that *Abdallah* sincerely reproached himself with his ingratitude and disobedience; and perceiving that the iron Candlestick had resisted the enchantment, or rather the just punishment which those deserve who do not execute what they promise, he said prostrating himself: "What
 „ has happened to me is just; I have lost what
 „ I had no design to restore, and the Candlestick
 „ which I intended to deliver to the Dervise,
 „ remains with me. It is a proof that it rightly
 „ belongs to him, and that the rest was unjustly
 „ acquired: " As he finished these words, he placed the Candlestick in the middle of their little house.

When the night was come, without reflecting upon it, he placed the light in this Candlestick. Immediately they saw a Dervise appear, who turned round for an hour; and disappeared after having thrown them an aspre. This candlestick

had

had twelve branches. *Abdallah*, who was meditating all the day upon what he had seen the night before, was willing to know what would happen the next night, if he put a light in each of them. He did so, and twelve Dervices appeared that instant; they turned round also for an hour, and each of them threw an aspre and they disappeared. He repeated every day the same ceremony, which had always the same success; but he never could make it succeed more than once in four and twenty hours. This trifling sum was enough to make his mother and himself subsist tolerably. There was a time when they would have desired no more to be happy; but it was not considerable enough to change their fortune: it is always dangerous for the imagination to be fixed upon the idea of riches. The sight of what he believed he should possess: the projects he had formed for the employment of it, all these things had left such profound traces in the mind of *Abdallah*, that nothing could efface them. Therefore, seeing the small advantage he drew from the candlestick, he resolved to carry it back to the Dervice, in hopes that he might obtain of him the treasure he had seen, or at least find again the riches which
had

had vanished from their sight, by restoring to him a thing, for which he had testified so earnest a desire. He was so fortunate as to remember his name, and that of the city where he inhabited. He departed therefore immediately for *Magrebi*, carrying with him his candlestick, which he lighted every night, and by that means furnished himself with what was necessary on the road, without being obliged to implore the assistance and compassion of the faithful. When he arrived at *Magrebi* his first care was to enquire in what house, or in what Convent *Abunadar* lodged. He was so well known, that every body told him his habitation. He repaired thither directly, and found fifty porters who kept the gate of his house, having each a staff with a head of gold in their hands. The court of this Palace was filled with slaves and domesticks: in fine the residence of a Prince could not expose to view a greater magnificence. *Abdallah*, struck with astonishment and admiration feared to proceed. Certainly, thought he, I either explained myself wrong, or those to whom I addressed myself, designed to make a jest of me, because I was a stranger: this is not the habitation of a Dervise, it is that of a King. He
 was

was in this embarrassment, when a man approached him, and said to him: *Abdallab*, thou art welcome; my master *Abounadar* has long expected thee. He then conducted him to an agreeable and magnificent Pavilion where the *Der-vice* was seated. *Abdallab*, struck with the riches he beheld on all sides, would have prostrated himself at his feet, but *Abounadar* prevented him and interrupted him when he would have made a merit of the candlestick, which he presented to him. Thou art but an ungrateful wretch, said he to him; dost thou imagine that thou canst impose upon me? I am not ignorant of any one of thy thoughts, and if thou hadst known the value of this candlestick, thou never wouldst have brought it to me. I will make thee sensible of its true use. Immediately he placed a light in each of its branches, and when the twelve *Dervices* had turned for some time, *Abounadar* gave each of them a blow with a cane, and in a moment they were converted into twelve heaps of sequins, diamonds and other precious stones. This, said he, is the proper use to be made of this marvellous candlestick. As to me, I never desired it but to place it in my cabinet as a Talisman composed by a sage whom I revere, and am

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pleased to expose it sometimes to those who come to visit me; and to prove to thee, added he, that curiosity was the only occasion of my search for it, here are the keys of my Magazines, open them and you shall judge of my riches; thou shalt tell me, whether the most infatigable miser would not be satisfied with them. *Abdallah* obeyed him, and examined twelve magazines of great extent so full of all manner of riches, that he could not distinguish what merited his admiration most: they all deserved and produced desires. The regret of having restored the candlestick and that of not having found the use of it pierced the heart of *Abdallah*. *Abounadar* seemed not to perceive it; on the contrary, he loaded him with caresses, kept him some days in his house, and commanded him to be treated as himself. When he was at the eve of the day which he had fixed for his departure, he said to him. „ *Abdallah* my son, I believe, by what
 „ has happened to thee, thou art corrected of
 „ the frightful vice of ingratitude; however I
 „ owe thee a mark of my affection for having
 „ undertaken so long a journey with a view of
 „ bringing me the thing I had desired: thou
 „ mayest depart, I shall detain thee no longer.
 „ Thou

„Thou shalt find tomorrow at the gate of my
 „Palace one of my horses to carry thee: I make
 „thee a present of it, as well as of a slave
 „who shall conduct thee to thy house, and two
 „camels loaded with gold and jewels which thou
 „shalt choose thyself out of my treasures.“

Abdallab said to him all that a heart sensible to
 avarice could express when its passion was satisf-
 fied, and went to lie down till the morning ar-
 rived, which was fixed for his departure.

During the night he was still agitated with-
 out being able to think of any thing but the
 candlestick, and what it had produced. I had it,
 said he, so long in my power: *Abounadar* with-
 out me had never been the possessor of it.
 What risks did I not run in the subterranean
 vault? Why does he now possess this treasure of
 treasures? Because I had the probity, or rather
 the folly to bring it back to him: he profits by
 my labours, and the danger I have incurred in
 so long a journey: and what does he give me
 in return? two camels loaded with gold and je-
 wels; in one moment the candlestick will surpish
 him with ten times as much. It is *Abounadar*
 who is ungrateful: what wrong shall I do him
 in taking this candlestick? None certainly, for

He is rich; and what do I possess? These ideas determined him at length to make all possible attempts to seize upon the candlestick. The thing was not difficult, *Abounadar* having trusted him with the keys of his magazines. He knew where the candlestick was placed, he seized upon it, hid it at the bottom of one of the sacks, which he filled with pieces of gold and other riches which he was allowed to take, and loaded it, as well as the rest upon his camels. He had no other eagerness now than for his departure; and after having hastily bid adieu to the generous *Abounadar*, he delivered him his keys, and departed with his horse, his slave, and two camels.

When he was some days journey from *Bal-fora*, he sold his slave, resolving not to have a witness of his former poverty, nor of the source of his present riches. He bought another, and arrived without any obstacle at his mother's, whom he would scarce look upon, so much was he taken up with his treasure. His first care was to place the loads of the camels and the candlestick in the most private room of the house; and, in his impatience to feed his eyes with his great opulence, he placed the lights im-
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diately in the candlestick: the twelve *Dervices* appearing, he gave each of them a blow with a cane with all his strength, lest he should be failing in the laws of the *Talisman*; but he had not remarked that *Abounadar*, when he struck them, had the cane in his left hand. *Abdallah*, by a natural motion, made use of his right; and the *Dervices*, instead of becoming heaps of riches, immediately drew from beneath their robes each a formidable club, with which they struck him so hard and so long, that they left him almost dead, and disappeared, carrying with them all his treasure, the camels, the horse, the slave and the candlestick.

Thus was *Abdallah* punished by poverty, and almost by death, for his unmeasurable ambition, which perhaps might have been pardonable, if it had not been accompanied by an ingratitude as wicked as it was audacious, since he had not so much as the resource of being able to conceal his perfidies from the too piercing eyes of his Benefactor.

DIRECTIONS TO STUDIOUS PEOPLE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THEIR HEALTH.

AS studious people are necessarily much within doors, they should make choice of a large and well aired place for study. This would not only prevent the bad effects which attend confined air, but would cheer the spirits, and have a most happy influence both on the body and the mind. It is said of Euripides the Tragedian, that he used to retire to a dark cave to compose his tragedies; and of Demosthenes the Grecian Orator, that he chose a place for study where nothing could either be heard or seen. With all deference to such venerable names, we cannot help condemning their taste. A man may surely think to as good purpose in an elegant apartment as in a cave; and may have as happy ideas where the all cheering rays of the sun render the air wholesome, as to places which they never reach.

Those who read or write much, should be very attentive to their posture. They ought to sit and stand by turns, always keeping as nearly
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In an erect posture as possible. Those who dilate may do it walking. It has an excellent effect frequently to read, or speak aloud: this not only exercises the lungs, but almost the whole body. Hence studious people are greatly benefited by delivering discourses in public. Such sometimes hurt themselves by overacting their part; but this is their own fault. The man who dies a martyr to mere vociferation, does not merit our sympathy.

The morning has by all medical writers been reckoned the best time for study. It is so; but it is also the most proper time for exercise, while the stomach is empty, and the spirits refreshed with sleep. Studious people should therefore sometimes spend the morning in walking, riding, or some manly diversions without doors. This would make them return to study with greater alacrity, and would be of more service than twice the time after their spirits are worn out with fatigue. It is not sufficient to take diversion only when we can think no longer. Every studious person should make it a part of his business, and should let nothing interrupt his hours of recreation more than those of study.

Music has a very happy effect in relieving the
mind

mind when fatigued with study. It would be well if every studious person was so far acquainted with that science as to amuse himself after severe thought, by playing such airs as have a tendency to raise the spirits, and inspire cheerfulness, and good humour.

It is the reproach of learning that so many of its votaries, to relieve the mind after study, betake themselves to the use of strong liquors. This indeed is a remedy, but it is a desperate one, and always proves destructive. Would such persons, when their spirits are low, get on horseback, and gallop ten or twelve miles, They would find it a more effectual remedy than a cordial medicine in the Apothecary's shop, or all the strong liquors in the world.

It is much to be regretted that learned men, while in health pay so little regard to these things. Nothing is more common than to see a miserable object overrun with nervous diseases, bathing, walking, riding, and in a word, doing every thing for health after it is gone; yet, if any one had recommended these things to him by way of prevention, the advice would, in all probability, have been treated with contempt or at least with neglect. Such is the weakness and
folly

Folly of mankind, and such the want of foresight, even in those who ought to be wiser than others.

With regard to the diet of the studious, we see no reason they should abstain from any kind of food that is wholesome, provided they use it in moderation. They ought however, to be sparing in the use of every thing that is sour, windy, rancid, or hard of digestion. Their suppers should always be light, and taken soon in the evening. Their drink may be water, fine malt liquor, not too strong, good cyder, wine and water, or, if troubled with acidities, water mixed with some brandy.

We shall only observe, with regard to those kinds of exercise, which are most proper for the studious, that they should not be too violent, nor even carried to the degree of excessive fatigue. They ought likewise to be frequently varied so as to give action to all the different parts of the body; and should, as often as possible, be taken in the open air. In general riding on horseback, walking, working in a garden, or playing at some active diversions, are the best.

We would likewise recommend the use of the cold bath to the studious. It will in some measure;

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fore, supply the place of exercise, and should not be neglected by persons of a relaxed habit, especially in the warm season.

The studious ought neither to take exercise, nor to study immediately after a full meal.

OF THE RIGHT USE OF NATURAL PARTS.

Nature does nothing in vain: The Creator of the Universe has appointed every thing to a certain use and purpose, and determined it to a settled course or sphere of action, from which if he in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the dispositions of society; the civil œconomy is formed in a chain as well as the natural, and in either case the breach but of one link puts the whole in some disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the absurdity and ridicule we meet with in the world, is generally owing to the impertinent affectation of excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which nature never designed them.

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Every man has one or more qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others: nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the infant continues under guardianship, she brings him on in his way, and then offers herself for a guide in what remains of the journey; if he proceeds in that course, he can hardly miscarry: nature makes good her engagements, for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the misfortune is, that men despise what they may be masters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their genius inclined them to, and so bend their all ambition to excell in what is out of their reach. Thus they destroy the use of their natural talents, in the same manner as covetous men do their quiet and repose; they can enjoy no satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

If men would be content to graft upon nature, and assist her operations, what mighty effects might we expect? *Tully* would not be so much alone in Oratory, *Virgil* in Poetry, or *Cesar*

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in war. To build upon nature, is laying the foundation upon a rock; every thing disposes itself into order, as it were, of course, and the whole work is half done as soon as undertaken. *Cicero's* genius inclined him to Oratory, *Virgil's* to follow the train of the muses; they piously obeyed the admonition, and were rewarded. Had *Virgil* attended the Bar, his modest and ingenious virtue would sure have made but a very indifferent figure, and *Tully's* declamatory inclination would have been as useless in Poetry. Nature, if left to herself, leads us on in the best course, but she will do nothing by compulsion and constraint; and if we are not satisfied to go her way, we are always the greatest sufferers by it.

Wherever nature designs a production, she always disposes seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the formation of any moral or intellectual excellence, as they are to the being and growth of plants; and I know not by what fate and folly it is, that men are thought not to reckon him equally absurd who will write verses in spite of nature, with that Gardener that should undertake to raise a Junquil, or a Tulip without the help of their respective seeds.

The great misfortune of this affectation is, that men not only lose a good quality, but also contract a bad one. They not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are not fit for, and instead of making a very good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one another. In a word, could the world be reformed to the obedience of that famed dictate: *Follow Nature*, which the Oracle of Delphos pronounced to *Cicero*, when he consulted it what course of studies he should pursue, we should see almost every man as eminent in his proper sphere, as *Tully* was in his, and should in a very short time find impertinence and affectation banished from among the women and coxcombs, and false characters from among the men. For my part, I could never consider this preposterous repugnancy to nature any otherwise, than not only as the greatest folly, but also one of the most heinous crimes, since it is a direct opposition to the disposition of Providence, and (as *Tully* expresses it) like the sin of the Giants, an actual rebellion against heaven.

A LET.

A LETTER

*Containing some considerations
upon Death.*

Dear Friend,

I He most important thing which I must recommend to you, is to reflect frequently on that inevitable consequence of our birth, *Death*. However gloomy the idea of a corporeal dissolution may be, the certainty of its some time happening to us all, and the uncertainty of the awful period ought to make an impression on the mind not to be effaced by amusements, or destroyed by time; but which should remain amidst the round of our pleasures, recreations and employments as a remembrance of our mortality, and as an incitement to a course of life preparatory to that important change, a change which throws off all wordly distinction, discloses the secrets of the heart, and exhibits the soul naked and undisguised

guished with all his vices and imperfections. The regal Tyrant then loses all his terror, and finds himself but on a level with the slave he lately trampled under foot. He views with torment the exaltation of virtue, and the happiness that waits on worthy actions; for he is weighed in the balance, and is found wanting. This annihilation of all human grandeur and importance is the more dreaded in proportion to our greater attachement to sublunary things, and negligence of those which relate to the momentous concerns of futurity. Hence the man of fortune and power looks upon death in the most shocking light as a circumstance that will deprive him of every thing that he holds estimable, and plunge him into a state of uncertainty, where all the consequence he plumes himself on, is at an end; and where, it is probable, the most wretched of his dependents shall soar above him in celestial glory. The profligate too who shuns no scene of debauchery, lewdness and dissipation; who mocks at every divine institution, violates every human law, oppresses innocence, and triumphs over virtue: the wretch, thus abandoned, conceives a much more horrible idea of a final dissolution, the thought crowds all the horrors of his

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his guilt upon his mind, and makes him anticipate the hell he so much dreads. But these reflections in either seldom rise but on a sick bed. Then the approach of death, and the terrors of a future state stand full in view with every aggravating circumstance that conscious guilt can suggest. This fear of death is an infallible sign that all is not well within, wherever it is discovered; for it is an observation I have often made, that the man, who lives according to the principles of his religion without hypocrisy, and makes conscience the unerring rule of all his actions, considers death only as a relief to humanity, which when mortality is worn to the utmost, and becomes a burthen to itself, consigns the lifeless load in peace to its kindred earth, disencumbers the still vigorous and immortal principle from the infirmities of a shattered body, and opens for it a passage to the blissful mansions of eternal felicity, where no care nor disquietudes find a habitation, and where envy and discontent can have no being.

That we should have so little thought concerning a state which is so interesting to us all, would appear astonishing to a person unacquainted with the world. We see our friends and
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acquaintance drop off on each side of us: but it is the common course of nature, and we take no further notice of it. We see a person fall down in an apoplectic fit, and expire, but are not alarmed at it. We hear of our neighbour who went to bed well, and was found dead in the morning. But what of that? it was not us. Indeed, if an intimate friend dies by any of these means, we are shocked for a little time; but, like an impression made in water, it soon wears off. The truth is, that we are too apt to consider death in a cursory manner, as a thing common to others, but which we may possibly escape; or at least we think on it as at a great distance, and therefore not requisite to be thought deeply about, just at that time when we have a thousand more agreeable things in our mind. But should we imperceptibly pursue the reflection, and consider ourselves as on the bed of death, with weeping friends around us; view ourselves stretched out a lifeless corpse, and think on the soul fled from its mortal habitation, to appear before the Author of its being, we should shudder at the prospect, and feel all the force of corruptible nature rush in upon us, and know *that we must die*. This is a truth that we must all, sooner or

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later, experience; but this never appears so forcibly as in sickness. It is then we clearly see the folly of all human pleasures; the pomp of wealth, the grandeur of nobility, the force of wit, and all the charms of beauty are lost upon us, and rather excite disgustful than consolating ideas. Then too the inattention of the world appears most conspicuous. Except a particular friend or relation, you find no one concerns himself about you farther than a cerimonious inquiry after your health. Whilst you are in all the pangs of violent disease you will hear the servants in the house merrily going about their several occupations, and every one as attentive to his business as before; you shall hear of your acquaintance paying and receiving visits, and carelessly enjoying life as usual; you will see then the glaring impropriety of such a conduct, and say within yourself: " Surely these people never think of
 „ dying; did they but feel what I do at this mo-
 „ ment, or even but reflect on it, they could
 „ not but think their lives mispent, and prepare
 „ for the change, I now feel approach with ha-
 „ sty strides. „

Beyond the adress which men have never to think of death but at a very great distance, nor

to view it but in some other person, without putting themselves one moment in the place of the dying; they have yet a farther art to delude themselves, by forming such a general and confused idea, as conceals from them all that is most terrible in death. They conceive little else of this state, but as a privation of sense, and a separation from the commerce of life, so that when they say a man is dead, they only mean, that they see him no more, and that he shares no longer in the affairs of the world. In a word, their idea of death is only formed on what men cease to do in dying, and not on what they begin to do and feel, though it be that which constitutes its most dreadful circumstance.

This might be illustrated by the image of a dying man. We are much affected at the groans of human nature just at its last period of existence; at the pangs the body feels in the struggles between life and death; but more particularly if he is our friend in the reflection that the dying person is one for whom we have an affection, now paying the great debt of nature, and leaving us his dear friends for ever. These sentiments, however generous and human, do not sufficiently come home to us. We ought to look upon the

dying man as one just launching into eternity; as one whose soul is now quitting its terrene abode, and will in a moment fly before its omnipotent Creator to give an account of its actions in this world. The body now felt its last pang, the limbs gave their last struggle, the voice sent forth its last groan, the breath made its last passage through the lips, and the eyes rolled ghastly round, and look their last. Now let the sympathetic spectator shudder, for he whose eyes beheld us but this moment, now sees the glories of heaven, and the miseries of the wicked, hoping from the mercies of the *Almighty*, in whose awful presence he now stands, and trembling for the immorality of his conduct. Some few days since he was, like us in health and vigour; a few days more may bring us to the dread tribunal, before which he now implores forgiveness of his offences. Let us reflect on this, and live to day as if to morrow were our last.

The necessity of human consolations is not peculiar to vicious men; in some degree the virtuous want their relief. There are few persons so perfect, but they have still some remaining eye to the world. Fatigued by a long attention to spiritual objects, they are forced in divers instances

stances to abandon themselves, and fly for satisfaction to their friends, their children, their estates, to a field of their own planting, or an edifice of their own raising.

This is the condition of man in this life, which may help us to comprehend what death is, with the effect it produces. We ought to look on it as the rupture of all that unites to the creatures; a general separation from the objects of sense; the breaking of all human ties, and every pleasure the soul found in them, with a total privation of what it loved and enjoyed on earth. When a man dies, he loses not only what he calls his wealth, but the firmament, the sun, the stars, the air, the earth, and all the rest of nature: he loses his body, and all those sensations that gave him pleasure; he loses his relations, his friends and all mankind; he loses all relief, all support, and, in short, all the objects of his senses and passions.

Indeed, if the soul, in some degree united to these, find itself also united to God by a holy love, tho' the privation of the creature causes some emotion, yet it sinks not into despair, for this divine principle supports it, and growing more active, confirms its hopes of being shortly uni-

united to, and overwhelmed in that abyss of pleasure which alone can satisfy all its capacity of loving.

But who is able to conceive the state of the miserable soul when it comes by death to be rent from all the objects of its inclinations; from all that sustained it during life, and finds nothing in itself, on which to lean? Its propensities to love and enjoy what it loved, become, beyond comparison, more lively and ardent; while all the soul was fond of, escapes and flies before her with an everlasting flight, without leaving the least hope of fruition: she loses all, finds nothing, all sinks under her, all vanishes and disappears for ever.

It is not possible in this world to comprehend a state so perfectly miserable: all one can say, to give some idea of it, is this: "It is a terrible fall of the soul, by a sudden removal of
 „ all its supports; it is an horrible famine, by
 „ a privation of its nourishment; it is an infinite
 „ void, by the annihilation of all that filled it;
 „ it is an extreme poverty, by the entire loss of
 „ that which was its wealth; it is a ghastly solitude, by the separation it finds itself in from
 „ all union and society; it is a dreadful desolation,
 „ by

„ by the want of all consolation; it is a cruel
 „ rapture, which violently rends the soul from
 „ every object of its love. “

To remove therefore, or at least to extenuate the horrors of death, we should familiarize ourselves to it by frequent reflection, which will soon wean us from the vices and follies of life, and attach the soul to those objects in which she alone is interested, and which the body can have no commerce with. The body has but a short existence: the soul must have eternal being. The pains and pleasures of the first continue, as it were, but for a moment: those of the latter will last to all eternity. Let us then learn to look with less affection upon things, which we are certain can be but of momentary duration, and pursue those which are the immediate interest of the soul, and which last for ever. Let the body relinquish the pleasure that clashes with the welfare of the soul, nor let its short pains and sufferings warp her from the great purpose of everlasting happiness.

AN ALLEGORICAL FABLE.

T Here were two very powerful Tyrants in a perpetual war against each other. The name of the first was *Luxury*, and of the second *Avarice*. The aim of each of them was no less than universal Monarchy over the hearts of mankind; *Luxury* had many Generals under him who did him great service, as *Pleasure*, *Mirth*, *Pomp*, and *Fashion*. *Avarice* was likewise very strong in his Officers, being faithfully served by *Hunger*, *Industry*, *Care* and *Watchfulness*. He had likewise a Privy Counsellor, who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear. The name of this Privy Counsellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himself by the counsels of *Poverty*, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of *Plenty*, who was his first Counsellor and Minister of State, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. *Luxury* got possession of one heart, and *Avarice* of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the

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banners of *Avarice*, and the son under those of *Luxury*. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter; but, alas! their number were not considerable. At length when those two Potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their Counsellors were to be present. It is said that *Luxury* began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy with a frankness of heart, which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive Counsellor than *Poverty*; for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles

principles on which the government of *Avarice* was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them should immediately dismiss his Privy Counsellors. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them what ever conquests were made on either side. For this reason we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the Counsellors abovementioned, *Avarice* supplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty*.

A STORY OF A CASTILIAN AND HIS WIFE.

AN inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined about the fifteenth year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman, who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty, and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for some years had laid that whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her, and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time, when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a shipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine Pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same master; who seeing how dearly they loved

loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian tho' he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum, as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate and transmit the money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French Renegado in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures, to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some piece of mirth to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with
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this Renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency: he further told the Renegado that he found it would be impossible to him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The Renegado, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt, and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The Renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories
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of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief; her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the Renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival, so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend, the Renegado, with the money he had brought over for their ransom, as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story, but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him. He immediately rose, and enquired after her, but he was told that she was seen with the Renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for her departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers,

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carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity, who partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

PORTRAIT OF A GOOD MINISTER.

A Good Minister should not only be well acquainted with the history, and constitution of his own country, but also have a very clear conception of the views and interests of other nations; be conversant with their history, revolutions and dispositions; the prevalent passions and pursuits of the Princes of Europe, the characters of their Ministers. In the choice of Officers of the state, particularly those to fill places of consequence and dignity, he should consult birth, merit, and abilities and recommend no one to serve his king but whom he thinks capable of serving him.

As all his actions should be directed for the honour of his Prince, and the good of his country, he should constantly endeavour to keep up a perfect harmony between the king and his people, by exciting the one to appear and act

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as the father of his subjects, and engaging the other to pay due veneration and obedience to their Sovereign. He should enforce the laws with justice, inclining the scale more towards clemency than cruelty.

He should exert his abilities to diminish the burthens of the people by abolishing such taxes as enhance the price of the conveniencies of life, or transposing them, if they cannot be dispensed with, from the necessities to the luxuries of life, whereby the laborious and industrious might be eased, and the affluent and voluptuous only pay for their extravagance and dissipation.

A good Minister should ever be attentive to the honour of the nation abroad as well with respect to her colonies and settlements, as the fulfilling of her engagements and alliances with foreign Princes. All attempts to infringe upon her possessions should be resisted with spirit, and no temporizing concessions be made to keep up the appearance of a peace at the expence of national glory. To support the honour of the crown and the dignity of the people, such ministers should be appointed for foreign Courts as had evinced not only a thorough knowledge of their skill in negotiation, but who had displayed such
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fortitude as may be necessary to carry them through any critical conjuncture with intrepid resolution.

The military should never be called in upon any trifling occasion, where peace officers would be sufficient to quell a tumult, or disperse a mob. A Minister who acts otherwise, displays a sanguinary disposition and seems to sport with the lives of his fellow-subjects.

PORTRAIT OF A BAD MINISTER.

A Bad Minister is generally ignorant, and his vanity and false ambition supply the place of knowledge and abilities. Unacquainted with the constitution of his own country, he pays little or no attention to the views and interests of other nations, and never thinks of comparing the present with the past, and by observing the rise and progress of former revolutions, trace the source of any expected events of the same kind, from the passions and pursuits of the Prince, or the character and disposition of his Ministers.

As power and avarice form the basis of his elevation, in the appointment of Officers of State,

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he thinks only of strengthening his party, of promoting his poor relations or creatures, without paying any attention either to their birth, their merit, or their abilities.

Having neither the honour of the Prince, nor the good of his country at heart, he endeavours to foment a jealousy and disgust between the Prince and his subjects: he represents them as a muttering seditious people, over whom a rod of iron must be held to keep them in awe and subjection. He does not endeavour to remove any prejudices the people may entertain of their Sovereign, as he may thereby screen himself behind his master's authority for his own malversation.

As he caresses the great, and endeavours to trample upon the poor, their distresses no way affect him; and he considers their misery as an indulgence as necessary to damp their spirits, and weaken their resentment of injuries and grievances. To effect this, the necessities of life are burthened with enormous taxes, and provisions become so exorbitantly dear that the laborious and industrious cannot obtain them, whilst the rich and voluptuous wallow in artificial luxury and refined extravagance.

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The honour of the nation he considers as mere words without a meaning, and rather than risk his power, and display his incapacity in the conducting a war, he will suffer the allies of the nation to be torn to pieces by foreign powers, and wink at the greatest insults offered to our trade and colonies. As all his operations are expedients, he prefers tame submissive ministers abroad, who yield to every measure, however pernicious to our interest, that may be taken at the Court where they reside, that no remonstrance may arise, or any alteration ensue that might call his conduct in question, or promote a change in administration. Conscious of his own demerit, and the intolerable grievances endured by the people, he is alarmed at the least tumult, which desirous of suppressing in its infancy, the blood of his fellow subjects it let out in streams to gratify his vanity, and support his ambition.

REFLECTIONS ON CHRISTIAN RELIGION, AND A FUTURE STATE:

THe prospect of a future state is the secret comfort and refreshment of my soul, it is that which makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all my pleasures and supports me under all my afflictions. I can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain and sickness, death itself, and, what is worse than death, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with indifference, so long as I keep in view the pleasures of eternity, and the state of being in which there will be no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor sorrows, sickness or separation. Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all this is only fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.

I must confess I do not know how to trust a man who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other words, a future state of rewards and punishments. Not only natural selflove, but reason directs us to promote our own interest above

all things. It can never be for the interest of a believer to do me a mischief, because he is sure upon the balance of accompts to find himself a loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do all the good he can, and at the same time restrain him from doing me any injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reasonable creature if he favours me contrary to his present interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present advantage. Honour and goodnature may indeed tie up his hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by reason and principle, so without them they are only instincts, or wavering unsettled notions, which rest on no foundation.

Infidelity has been attacked with so good success of late years, that it is driven out of all its outworks. The Atheist has not found his post tenable, and is therefore retired into Deism, and a disbelief of revealed Religion only. But the truth of it is, the greatest number of this sect of men, are those who, for want of a virtuous education, or examining the grounds of Religion, know so very little of the matter in question, that their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance.

As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising the terrors of another world, which have so great an influence on what they call weaker minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut them off from many of those pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

The great received articles of the Christian Religion have been so clearly proved, from the authority of that divine Revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for any thing in the Christian Faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the Incarnation and sufferings of our Saviour produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the infidel himself must at least allow that no other system of Religion can so effectually contribute to the heightening of Morality. They

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give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our Neighbour and ourselves. How many noble arguments has saint *Paul* raised from the chief articles of our Religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches? To give a single example in each kind: what can be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of mankind, more than the thought that Jesus Christ died for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being members of Christ, and as part of the society of which that immaculate Person is the Head? But these are only a specimen of those admirable enforcements of morality which the Apostle has drawn from the history of our blessed Saviour.

If our modern infidels considered these matters with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, we should not see them act with such a spirit of bitterness, arrogance and malice. They would

would not be raising such insignificant cavils, doubts and scruples, as may be started against every thing that is not capable of mathematical demonstration, in order to unsettle the minds of the ignorant, disturb the public peace, subvert morality, and throw all things into confusion and disorder. If none of these reflexions can have any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their vanity, by which they seem to be guided much more than by their reason: I would therefore have them consider, that the wisest and best of men, in all ages of the world, have been those who lived up to the Religion of their country, when they saw nothing in it to oppose morality, and to the best lights they had of the Divine nature. *Pythagoras's* first rule directs us to worship the Gods, *as it is ordained by law*, for that is the most natural interpretation of the precept. *Socrates* who was the most renowned amongst the Heathens both for his wisdom and virtue in his last moments desires his friends to offer a cock to *Æsculapius*; doubtless out of a submissive deference to the established worship of his country. *Xenophon* tells us, that his Prince (whom he sets forth as a pattern of perfection) when he found his death

approaching, offered sacrifices on the mountains to the *Persian Jupiter*, and the Sun, according to the custom of the *Persians*, for those are the words of the historian. Nay, the *Epicureans* and astronomical philosophers shewed a very remarkable modesty in this particular; for tho' the being of a God was entirely repugnant to their schemes of natural philosophy, they contented themselves with the denial of a Providence, asserting at the same time the existence of Gods in general, because they would not shock the common belief of mankind, and the Religion of their country.

THE HISTORY OF EUDOXUS AND LEONTINE.

E*udoxus* and *Leontine* began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. *Eudoxus* at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a Court; where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post into another,

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ther, till at length he had rais'd a very considerable fortune. *Leontine*, on the contrary, sought, all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throught Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its Princes with the customs and fashions of their Courts: and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Newspaper, whom he had either talked to, or seen. In short, he had so well mixt and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about Court by the intelligence he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turn'd of forty, they determin'd, according to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. *Leontine* with his own and his wife's fortune bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within
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the neighbourhood of his friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, *Eudoxus* having a son born to him, and *Leontine* a Daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, *Leontine* considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange, namely, that the boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his son, and that the girl should live with *Eudoxus* as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of *Eudoxus* knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of *Leontine*, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the

the project. She therefore took *Leonilla* (for that was the name of the girl) and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends, on each side, had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had a real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. *Florio* (the name of the young heir that lived with *Leontine*) tho' he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of *Eudoxus* who visited his friend very frequently, and was directed by his natural affection as well as by the rules of prudence to make himself esteemed and beloved by *Florio*. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed Father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his

his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not *Florio's* case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for *Leontine* and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst *Florio* lived at the house of his foster father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of *Eudoxus* where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by indirect methods. *Leonilla* who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty entertained a secret passion for *Florio*,

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but conducted herself with so much prudence, that she never gave him the least intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that were proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns in the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from *Leontine* to repair to him in the country the next day. For it seems *Eudoxus* was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had something of great importance to communicate to him, upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great house, that stood in his neighbourood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the hand, and, after the first salutes were over, conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner.

„ I have no other way left of acknowledging my
 „ gratitude to *Leontine* than by marrying you to
 „ his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of
 „ being

being your father by the discovery I have made
 to you. *Leonilla* too shall be still my daughter;
 her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so
 exemplary, that it deserves the greatest reward
 I can confer upon it. You shall have the plea-
 sure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which
 you would have lost the relish of, had you
 known yourself born to it. Continue only to
 deserve it in the same manner you did before
 you were possessed of it. I have left your mo-
 ther in the next room. Her heart yearns to-
 wards you. She is making the same disco-
 veries to *Leonilla*, which I have made to
 yourself.

Florio was so overwhelmed with this pro-
 fusion of happiness; that he was not able to make
 a reply, but threw himself at his father's feet,
 and admit a flood of tears kissed and embraced
 his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in
 dumb show those sentiments of love, duty and
 gratitude that were too big for utterance. To
 conclude, the happy pair were married, and half
Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. *Leontine*,
 and *Eudoxus* passed the remainder of their lives
 together, and received in the dutiful and affectio-
 nate behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla* the just

recompence, as well as the natural effects of the care, which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

A STORY OF THEODOSIUS AND COSTANTIA.

Costantia was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. *Theodosius* was the younger son of a decayed family of great parts and learning improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age, he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her, and by the advantages of a good person, and a pleasing conversation made such an impression in her heart, as it was impossible for time to efface. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened that in the midst
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of this intercourse of friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the father of *Theodosius* that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbade him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune, and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told *Constantia*, it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. *Constantia*, who was overawed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that

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kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached *Theodosius*, who after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rises in a lover's heart on such an occasion, wrote the following letter to *Constantia*.

„ The thought of my *Constantia* which for
 „ some years has been my only happiness, is
 „ now become a greater torment than I am able
 „ to bear. Must I then live to see you another's?
 „ The streams, the fields and meadows where we
 „ have so often talked together grow painful to
 „ me, life itself is become a burden. May you
 „ long be happy in the world, but forget that
 „ there was ever such a man in it as

Theodosius.

This letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house one after another to enquire if they had heard any thing of *Theodosius*, who, it seems, had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung upon his mind some time before,

before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *Constantia* who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted: she now accused herself for having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of *Theodosius*. In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her full of guilt, and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of *Theodosius* and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter, and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son in law, who had regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. *Constantia* had now no relief but in her devotions, and exercises of Religion, to which her affliction had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years, which had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a Convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would

save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the twenty fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in its bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring town in order to look out a Sisterhood of Nuns, among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a Father of a Convent, who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and, as it is usual for those who are under any great affliction or trouble of mind to apply themselves to the most eminent Confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to *Theodosius*, who the very morning that the abovementioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a Religious House in the City where now *Constantia* resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the Fathers of the Convent, which is very usual upon extraordinary occasions, he made himself one of the Order with a private vow never to enquire after *Constantia*, whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day in which, according to the common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized.

zed. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to Religion, he entered into holy Orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom *Constantia* had determined to apply herself in Confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the Prior of the Convent knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable *Theodosius* had now taken upon him the name of *Father Francis*, and was so concealed in a long beard; a shaven head, and a Religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable Conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, *Constantia* kneeling by him opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, said she, has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and
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how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the Father, who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broken with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. *Constantia* who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of *Theodosius*. The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long refused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one, who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of this sorrow, seeing his

his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted: to tell her that her sins were forgiven her: that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended: that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form, directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolution she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. *Constantia* retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. *Theodosius* having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflexions exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it, concluding with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when she would have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective Orders, said he, will non permit me to see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions

as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which is not in the power of the world to give.

Constantia's heart was so elevated with this discourse of Father *Francis*, that the very next day she entered upon her vows. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is used, with the Abbess into her own apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her Noviciate and Father *Francis*, from whom she now delivered to her the following letter.

„ As the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that, that *Theodosius*, whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive, and that the Father, to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another, will make us more happy in its disappointment than it could have done in its success. Providence has disposed of us for our
„ advan-

„ advantage, though not according to our wi-
 „ shes. Consider your *Theodosius* still as dead,
 „ but assure yourself of one, who will not cease
 „ to pray for you in Father “

Francis .

Constantia saw that the hand writing agreed with the contents of the letter, and upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour and above all the extreme sorrow of the Father during her confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy; It is enough, said she, *Theodosius* is still in being: I shall live with comfort, and die in peace.

The letters which the Father sent her afterwards, are still extant in the Nunnery where she resided, and are often read to the young Religious in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten years in the Cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others, *Theodosius*. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner

ner to *Constantia*, who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally preceeds death in sicknesses of this nature, the Abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. *Constantia* received it with pleasure: and now, said she = If I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it = She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their Tombs are still to be seen with a short latin inscription over them to the following purpose.

Here lie the Bodies of Father Francis, and Sister Constance. They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

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ON THE FONDNESS OF PARENTS
TOWARDS THEIR CHILDREN.

I stood the other day and beheld a father sitting in the middle of a room with a large family of children about him, and methought I could observe in his countenance different motions of delight as he turned his eyes towards the one and the other of them. The man is a person moderate in his designs for their preferment and welfare; and as he has an easy fortune, he is not solicitous to make a great one. His eldest son is a child of a very towardly disposition, and as much as the father loves him, I dare say, he will never be a knave to improve his fortune. I do not know any man who has a juster relish of life than the person I am speaking of, or keeps a better guard against the terrors of want, or the hopes of gain. It is usual in a crowd of children for the parent to name out of his own flock all the great officers of the kingdom. I know a good woman who has but three sons, and there is, she says, nothing she expects with more certainty, than that she will see one of them a Bishop, the other a Judge,

ge, and the third a Court Physician. The humor is, that any thing which can happen to any man's child, is expected by every man for his own. But my friend, whom I was going to speak of, does not flatter himself with such vain expectations; but has his eyes more upon the virtue and disposition of his children, than their advancement or wealth. Good habits are what will certainly improve a man's fortune and reputation; but on the other side, affluence of fortune will not as probably produce good affections of the mind.

It is very natural for a man of a kind disposition to amuse himself with the promises his imagination makes to him of the future condition of his children, and to represent to himself the figure they shall bear in the world after he has left it. When his prospects of this kind are agreeable, his fondness gives, as it were, a larger date to his own life; and the surviving of a worthy man in his son, is a pleasure scarce inferior to the hopes of the continuance of his own life. That man is happy who can believe of his son, that he will escape the follies and indiscretions of which he himself was guilty, and pursue and improve every thing that was valuable

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in him. The continuance of his virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his life; but it is the most lamentable of all reflexions, to think that the heir of a man's fortune is such a one as will be a stranger to his friends, alienated from the same interests, and a promoter of every thing which he himself disapproved. An estate in possession of such a successor to a good man, is worst than laid waste; and the family of which he is the head, is in a more deplorable condition than that of being extinct.

When I visit the agreeable seat of my honoured friend *Ruricola*, and walk from room to room revolving many pleasing occurrences, and the expressions of many just sentiments I have heard him utter, and see the booby of his heir in pain while he is doing the honours of his house to the friend of his father, the heaviness it gives one is not to be expressed. Want of genius is not to be imputed to any man, but want of humanity is a man's own fault. The son of *Ruricola* (whose life was one continued series of worthy actions) is the companion of drunken clowns, and knows no sense of praise but in the flattery he receives from his own servants: his pleasures are mean and inordinate, his
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language base and filthy, his behaviour, rough and absurd. Is this creature to be accounted the successor of a man of virtue, wit and breeding? At the same time that I have this melancholy prospect at the house where I miss my old friend, I can go to a Gentleman's not far off it, where he has a daughter who is the picture both of his body and mind, but both improved with the beauty and modesty peculiar to her sex. It is she who supplies the loss of her father to the world; she, without his name and fortune, is a truer memorial of him, than her brother who succeeds him in both. Such an offspring as the eldest son of my friend perpetues his father in the same manner as the appearance of his ghost would: it is indeed *Ruricola* grown frightful.

I do not know to what attribute the brutal turn which this young man has taken, except it may be to a certain severity and distance which his father used towards him, and might, perhaps, have occasioned a dislike in those modes of life which were not made amiable to him by freedom and affability.

We may promise ourselves that no such excess will appear in the family of the *Cornelii*, where the father lives with his sons like their
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eldest brother, and the sons converse with him as if they did it for no other reason but that he is the wisest man of their acquaintance. As the *Cornelii* are eminent Traders, their good correspondence with each other is useful to all that know them, as well as to themselves, and their friendship, good will and kind offices are disposed of jointly as well as their fortune, so that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the obligation multiplied in return from them all.

It is most beautiful object the eyes of man can behold, to see a man of worth and his son live in an entire unreserved correspondence. The mutual goodness and affection between them give an inexpressible satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime pleasure which increases by the participation. It is as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as joyful as Religion. This state of mind does not only dissipate sorrow, which would be extreme without it, but enlarges pleasures, which would otherwise be contemptible. The most indifferent thing has its force and beauty when it is spoken by a kind father, and an insignificant trifle has its weight when offered by a dutiful son. I do not know how
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to express it, but I think I may call it a transplanted selflove. All the enjoyments and sufferings which a man meets with, are regarded only as they concern him in the relation it has to another. A man's very honour receives a new value to him, when he thinks that when he is in his grave, it will be had in remembrance that such an action was done by such a one's father. Such considerations sweeten the old man's evenings, and his soliloquy delights him when he can say to himself, no man can tell my child: his father was either unmerciful or unjust: my son shall meet many a man who will say to him, I was obliged to thy father, and be, my child, a friend to his child for ever.

It is not in the power of all men to leave illustrious names or great fortunes to their posterity, but they can very much conduce to their having industry, probity, valour and justice. It is in every man's power to leave his son the honour of descending from a virtuous man, and add the blessing of heaven to whatever he leaves him.

I shall end this discourse with a letter to an excellent young man of my acquaintance, who has lately lost a worthy father.

Dear

Dear Sir,

I know no part of life more impertinent than the office of administering consolation. I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your grief. The virtuous principles you had from that excellent man whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought, to make a youth of three and twenty incapable of comfort upon coming into possession of a great fortune. I do not doubt but you will honour his memory by a modest enjoyment of his estate; and scorn to triumph over his grave, by employing in riot, excess and debauchery what he purchased with so much industry, prudence, and wisdom. This is the true way to shew the sense you have of your loss, and to take away the distress of others upon this occasion. You cannot recall your father by your grief, but you may revive him to his friends by your conduct. I am &c.

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AN EASY AND INSTRUCTIVE EXPERIMENT.

IT was a clear frosty day: the sun shone bright and the ground was covered with snow, when Euphronius invited Alexis, Lucy, Emilia, and Jacobus to assist him in a little experiment, which he thought would contribute to their instruction and amusement. He took four pieces of wollen cloth, equal in dimensions, but of different colours; one being *black*, another *blue*, a third *brown*, and a fourth *white*: and having chosen a proper situation, he laid them all, very near each other, on the surface of the snow. In a few hours, the *black* piece of cloth had sunk considerably below the surface; the *blue* almost as much; the *brown* a little; but the *white* remained precisely in its position.

Observe, said Euphronius, how varied is the influence of the sun's rays on different colours. They are absorbed, and retained by the *black*, and in the piece of cloth before us, they have produced such a strong and durable heat, as to melt the snow underneath; but they seem not to penetrate the *white*: and the piece of that colour,

four, by having no warmth communicated to it, still continues on the surface of the snow.

This little experiment teaches you, *Emilia*, that *white* hats will afford the best defence to your complexion; but that they should have dark linings to absorb the rays of light which are reflected from the earth. You may learn from it, *Alexis*, that cloth of a light colour are best adapted to summer, and to hot climates; that black substances acquire heat sooner, and retain it longer than any other; and that fruit walls, drying stoves &c. should be painted black. Other inference I shall leave to you the pleasure of discovering. Allow me only to remind you, that knowledge and virtue may be justly compared to rays of light, and that it is my warmest wish, and highest ambition, that your heart and understanding may unite the qualities of the two opposite colours you have been contemplating. May your mind be quick in the reception and steady in a retention of every good impression, and may the lustre of your endowments be reflected on your brothers, Sisters, and friends.

ILL CONSEQUENCES OF GAMING.

But the love of gaming has its foundation in avarice, is an undoubted truth; but it proceeds from a species of covetousness, differing from every other. The destructive consequences of this vice will be evinced by the melancholy history of Lyfander. This unfortunate youth was the only son of Hortensius, a gentleman of large fortune, who with a paternal eye watched over his education, and suffered no means to be neglected, which might promote his future happiness and honour. Under such tuition he grew up, improving in every amiable accomplishment. His person was graceful, and his countenance the picture of his soul, lively, sweet and penetrating. By his own application, and the assistance of suitable preceptors, he was master of the whole circle of sciences; and there was nothing now wanting to form the compleat gentleman, but travelling. The tour of Europe was therefore resolved upon, and a proper person provided to attend him. Lifander and his tutor accordingly set out. I pass over in silence, the sad parting of the good old gentleman and his beloved son.

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The scene may be conceived, but cannot be expressed. Our travellers directed their course to France; and crossed the sea at Dover with an intention to pay their first visit to Paris. Here Lyfander had difficulties to surmount, of which he was little apprised: He had been bred in shades and solitude, and had no idea of the active scenes of life. It easy to imagine therefore his surprise at being transported, as it were, into a new world. He was delighted with the elegance of the city, and the crowds of company that resorted to the public walks. He launched into pleasures, and was enabled to commit a thousand extravagancies, by the ample supplies of money which a fond father allowed him. In vain his tutor represented to him the imprudence of his conduct: captivated with the novelty of every thing around him, he was deaf to all his remonstrances. He engaged in an intrigue with a woman of the most infamous character, who in a short time reduced him to the necessity of making fresh demands upon his father. The indulgent Hortensius with a few reprimands for his profusion, and admonitions to oeconomy, remitted him considerable sums. But these were not sufficient to satisfy an avaricious woman, and

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ashamed to expose himself again to his father, he had recourse to fortune. He daily frequented the gaming tables, and elated with a trifling success at the beginning, gave up every other pleasure for that of rattling the dice. Sharpers were now his only companions; and his youth and inexperience made him an easy prey to their artifice and designs. His father heard of his conduct with inexpressible sorrow. He instantly recalled him home; but alas! the return to his native country did not restore him to his natural dispositions. The love of learning, generosity, humanity, and every noble principle were suppressed, and in their place, the most detestable avarice had taken root. The reproofs of a father, so affectionate as Hortensius, were too gentle to reclaim one confirmed in vicious habits. He still pursued the same unhappy course; and at length, by his dissolute behaviour, put an end to the life of the tenderest of parents. The death of Hortensius had at first a happy effect upon the mind of Lysander; and by recalling him to a sense of reflection, gave some room to hope for reformation. To confirm the good resolution he had formed, his friends urged him to marry. The proposal not being disagreeable to him, he
 paid

paid his addresses to Aspasia, a lady possessed of beauty, virtue, and the sweetest dispositions. So many charms could not but impress a heart, which filial grief had already in some measure softened. He loved and married her; and by her prudent conduct, was prevailed upon to give up all the former associates of his favorite vice. Two years passed in this happy manner, during which time, Aspasia blessed him with a son. The little darling had united in him all the father's lustre, and the mother's grace. Lysander often viewed him with streaming eyes of tenderness, and he would sometimes cry out. „ Only, my son, avoid thy father's „ steps, and every felicity will attend thee. “ About this time it happened that some business of importance required his presence in London. There he unfortunately met with the base wretches who had been his old acquaintance: and his too easy temper complying with their solicitations, again he plunged into the abyss of vice and folly. Aspasia, wondering at the long absence of her husband, began to entertain the most uneasy apprehensions of him. She wrote to him a tender and endearing letter; but no answer was returned. Full of terror and anxiety she went in person to inquire after her Lysander. Long was it before she

she heaved the least tidings of him. At length, by accident, finding his lodgings, she flew to his chamber with the most impatient joy to embrace a long lost husband. But ha! who can point the agony she felt, at the sight of Lyfander weltering in his gore, with a pistol clenched in his hand! That very morning he had put an end to his wretched being. A paper was found upon the table, of his own hand writing, which imported that he had entirely ruined himself; and a most amiable wife and child; and that life was unsupportable to him.

AN EXPERIMENT.

Two young beech trees, planted at the same time, in the same soil, at a small distance from each other, and equally healthy, were pitched upon as the subjects of the following experiment. They were accurately measured; and as soon as the buds began to swell in the spring, the whole trunk of one of them was cleansed of its moss and dirt by means of a brush and soft water. Afterwards it was washed with a wet flannel, twice or thrice every week, till about the middle of summer. In autumn, when the

the annual growth was supposed to be completed, the beeches were again measured, and the increase of the tree which had been washed, was found to exceed that of the other, nearly in the proportion of two to one.

Had you seen the commencement of this experiment, you would probably have smiled at the nicety of the gardener, and thought his labour misapplied. But the conclusion of it will give you different ideas, and perhaps convince you, by the obvious analogy, that cleanliness and frequent washing promote the health, vigour, and growth of the body. It may satisfy you also, that various minute attentions in the conduct of your education, which at present may seem to be superfluous and irksome, are of real importance, by removing those causes which would retard your progress towards manly strength and mental excellence. For every habit of awkwardness impairs some useful power of action; and as the moss preys on the nutritious juices of the beech, so false opinions and principles despoil the mind of a correspondent portion of knowledge, truth, and virtue.

SPECULATION, AND PRACTICE.

A Certain Astronomer was contemplating the moon through his telescope, and tracing the extent of her seas, the height of her mountains, and the number of habitable territories which she contains. Let him spy what he pleases, said a clown to his companion; he is not nearer to the moon than we are.

Shall the same observation be made of you, my Son? Do you surpass others in learning, and yet in goodness remain upon a level with the uninstrusted vulgar? Have you so long gazed at the temple of virtue, without advancing one step towards it? Are you smitten with moral beauty, yet regardless of its attainment? Are you a philosopher in theory, but a novice in practice? The partiality of a father inclines me to hope that the reverse is true. I flatter myself, that by having learned to think, you will be qualified to act; and the rectitude of your conduct will be adequate to your improvements in knowledge. May that wisdom which is justified in her works, be your guide through life; and may you enjoy all the felicity which flows from a cultivated under-

derstanding, well regulated affections, extensive benevolence, and amiable manners. In these consists that sovereign good, which antient sages so much extol, which reason recommends, religion authorises, and God approves.

THE PASSIONS MUST BE GOVERNED BY REASON.

SOPHron and AlexIs had frequently heard Euphronius their father mention the experiments of filling the waves with oil, made by his friend Doctor Franklin. They were impatient to repeat it; and a brisk wind proving favourable to the trial, they hastened one evening to a sheet of water in the grounds of Eugenio. The oil was scattered upon the pool, and spread itself instantly on all sides, calming the whole surface of the water, and reflecting the most beautiful colours. Elated with success the youths returned to Euphronius, to enquire the cause of such a wonderful appearance. He informed them that the wind blowing upon water which is covered with a coat of oil, slides over the surface of it, and produces no friction that can raise a wave. But this curious philosophical fact, said he, suggests
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a most important moral reflection. When you suffer yourselves to be ruffled by passion, your mind resembles the *puddle in a storm*. But Reason, if you hearken to her voice, will then, like oil poured upon the water, calm the turbulence within you, and restore you to serenity and peace.

CRUELTY IN EXPERIMENTS REPROVED.

Euphronius was happy whenever the engagements of his profession, and his duty as a parent, allowed him a leisure hour to devote to experimental philosophy. He had being long pursuing a most interesting train of inquiries into the nature and properties of various kinds of air, in concert with his learned Dr. Priestley: and he had just prepared, for a particular purpose, some mephitic water, which was standing by him in a glass vessel, when Alexis came hastily into his study with a number of small fishes that he had caught, and preserved alive. The youth knew the fatality of fixed air to animals which breathe; but he wished to see its effects on the inhabitants of a different element. Euphronius, to gratify

ally his impatient curiosity, put the fishes into the mephitic water, through which they darted with amazing velocity, and then dropped down lifeless to the bottom of the vessel.

Surprise and joy sparkled in the eyes of Alexis. Beware, my son, said Euphronius, of observing spectacles of pain and misery with delight. Cruelty by insensible degrees will steal into your heart; and every generous principle of your nature will then be subverted. The Philosopher, who has in contemplation the establishment of some important truth, or the discovery of what will tend to the advancement or real science, and to the good and happiness of mankind, may perhaps be justified, if he sacrifices to his pursuits the life of an inferiour animal. But the emotions of humanity should never be stifled in his breast; his trials should be made with tenderness, repeated with reluctance, and carried no farther than the object in view unavoidably requires. Wanton experiments on living creatures, and even those which are merely subservient to the gratification of curiosity, merit the severest censure. They degrade the man of letters into a brute, and are fit amusements for the Cannibals of new Zeland. I condemn myself for the indulgence
which

which I just now shewed you. But I knew that your fishes would endure less pain from an instant, than from the lingering death which waited them; and I little expected that your compassionate and amiable heart could have received a pleasurable impression on such an occasion.

THE AFFECTED SENSIBILITY.

Belinda was always remarkably fond of pathetic novels, tragedies, and elegies. Sterne's sentimental beauties were her peculiar favourites. She had indeed contracted so great a tenderness of sensibility from such reading, that she often carried the amiable weakness into common life, and would weep and sigh, as if her heart was breaking, at occurrences which others, by no means deficient in humanity, viewed with indifference. She could not bear the idea of killing animals for food. She detested the sports of fishing, and hunting because of their ineffable cruelty. She was ready to faint if her coachman whipt his horses when they would not draw up hill: and she actually fell down in a fit on a gentleman's treading on her favorite cat's tail as he eagerly stooped to save her child from falling into the fire.

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As she was rather of a romantic turn, she would frequently utter sentimental soliloquies on benevolence and humanity; and when any catastrophe of a pathetic nature occurred, she generally gave vent to her feelings by writing a lamentation. I procured from one of her friends the following piece, with liberty to present it to the public eye.

Belinda, it seems, was at her toilette, adorning her tresses, when an animalcule of no great repute in the world, but who often obtrudes where he is not welcome, fell from her beautiful tresses on her neck. In the first emotions of her surprise and anger she seized the little wretch, and crushed it between her nails till it expired with a sound, as Homer expresses the exit of his heroes. The noise, and the sight of the viscera soon recalled her sensibility, and she thus expressed it.

„Thou poor partaker of vitality, farewell. Life undoubtedly was sweet to thee, and I have hastily deprived thee of it. But surely the world was wide enough for thee and me; and it was ungenerous to murder one who sought an asylum under my fostering protection.

Because thou art minute, we are inclined to

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suppose thee insensible; but doubtless thou hadst nerves and delicate sensations proportioned to the fineness of thy organs. Perhaps thou hadst a partner of thy affections, and a numerous progeny whom thou sawest rising to maturity with paternal delight, and who are now left destitute of a protector in their helpless infancy.

Thy pain is indeed at an end; but I cannot help deploring the unfeeling cruelty of those who deprive the smallest reptile to whom nature has given breath, of that life which, though it appears contemptible in the eyes of the thoughtless, yet is sweet to the meanest animal—was sweet to thee, poor departed animalcule. Alas, that I must now say *was sweet* to thee! Did I possess the power of resuscitation I would reanimate thy lifeless corps, and cherish thee in the warmest corner of thy favourite dwelling place. But adieu for ever, for my wish is vain. Yet if thy shade is still conscious, and hovers over the head it once inhabited, pardon a hasty act of violence, which I endeavour to expiate with the tear of sympathy, and the sigh of sensibility. “

I am informed that the drawer of her writing table is full of elegies and sonnets on rats and mice caught in traps, and of romits, and of robin

bin read breasts killed by school boys. I remember to have heard a most pathetic elegy recited on the death of a redbreast. A squirrel, a cat, a bat, a toad, every thing that has life, has a claim to her tenderest compassion. And certainly her tenderness to them does her honour; but the excessive sensibility which their slightest sufferings seem to occasion, gives room to suspect that she is not without affectation. What is so singular and excessive can scarcely be natural. Having heard and observed so much of her delicate feelings for the irrational creation, I was naturally led to make enquiries concerning her behaviour in the more interesting attachments of private life. The following is the result of my investigations.

Her temper was so various and violent, that her husband was often obliged to leave his house in search of peace. I heard he had just recovered from a fit of illness, during the whole of which, she had seldom visited him, and shewn no solicitude. She had sat weeping over a novel on the very day his fever came to a crisis, and the physicians had declared his recovery dubious. On his recovery he had gone on a voyage to the East Indies, by her advice, for the impro-

rement of his fortune. He took leave of her very affectionately; but she was dressing to go and see a famous Actress, and could not possibly spend much time in a formal parting, which was another she above all things detested. But, let it be remembered, she fainted away in the boxes on the Actress's first entrance before she had uttered a syllable.

Two fine little boys were left under her care without control during their father's absence. The little rogues had fine health and spirits, and would make a noise, which she could not bear, as she was busy in preparing to act a capital part in the *Orphan* at a private theatre built by a man of fortune and fashion for his own amusement. She determined therefore to send them to school. Indeed she declared in all companies that she thought it the first of a mother's duties to take care that her children were well educated. She therefore sent them to an Academy in Yorkshire, where she had stipulated that they should not come home in the holy days, and indeed till their father arrived; for she was meditating a new Tragedy under the title of a *Distressed Mother*, or the *Widowed Wife*.

Though she was not very fond of her husband,

band, who was a plain good man, without any *fine feelings*, and was displeased with her children, whose noise interrupted her studies, yet I took it for granted, that she who spoke so feelingly of distress, of benevolence of humanity, of charity, and who sympathised with the poor beetle that we tread upon, could not be but profusely beneficent to all her fellow creatures in affliction, who solicited her assistance; but I was here also greatly mistaken. A workman in stopping up her windows in consequence of the late commutation tax, fell from a scaffold three stories high, and broke his leg. The passengers took him up, knocked at the door, and desired he might be admitted till a surgeon could be sent for; but I heard her, as I passed by, declaring in a voice that might be heard from the stair case on which she stood quite to the end of the street "He shall not be brought here. We shall have a great deal of trouble with him. Take him to the hospital immediately, and shut the door, d'ye hear John?" The passengers, lest time should be lost, hurried the poor man to a neighbouring public house, where the honest landlord, with a pot of porter in his hand, and an unmeaning oath in his mouth, exclaimed. "Let him

him in here, Tom, see him laid on my own bed, and let him have every thing necessary, poor man! He has perhaps a wife and family that must starve till he recovers; but they shall not: I will mention it to our Club: they are all hearty men, I know, and will subscribe handsomely. „

The truth was that the man had a wife and family, as my landlord conjectured, and is commonly the case. I heard that he went next morning to Belinda with a petition drawn up very particularly by a lawyer, who never gave any thing himself. Belinda had given orders to say she was not at home if any body should call that week. For, indeed, she was exceedingly engaged in penning an elegy on the lapdog who had died of a looseness, and had intended to finish her address to a Duchess on the hardships of the labouring poor.

I was satisfied with these enquiries, and began to lose my veneration for Ladies and gentlemen of exquisite sensibility, of delicate feelings, and the most refined sentiments, believing firmly, that there is more good sense, and true kindness in the plain motherly housewife, who is not above her domestic duties, and in the honest

nest man of common sense, than in the generality of pretenders to more benevolent sensations, or finer feelings than belong to other people of equal rank, opulence, and education.

THE END.



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